

McGill, Loyola Should Go!



ISSUES & EVENTS

Vol. 4, No. 13 – January 18, 1973

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Report raps U of M too

**“McGill and Loyola should be closed.” With those sting-
ing words two Sir George ladies launched into a spate of
denunciations of the Loyola College and McGill Student
Union eating facilities.**

**In a six page report delivered
to the Sir George Williams
Food Services Policy Com-
mittee researchers Janis
Ostling and Bobbi Aronovitch
said of McGill:**

**“Food is terrible
Cafeteria was excessively dirty
(and closing the report’s overall summary)
Dishes dirty and broken” (.)**

Researchers Ostling and Aronovitch said their best bet for a return snack would be the Université de Montréal facilities (one of which served them up a good salmon special with “roasted potatoes good but warmed over”) but that Sir George could not possibly hope to catch up to U of M standards because the U of M’s eating habits were driving the provincial treasury into the ground, operating as they were with a planned food service deficit of \$135,000.

It’s obvious then that there’s a lot-a-punch behind the 95 cent salmon special at the old stand on Edouard Montpetit.

The report pulls no punches though where McGill is concerned. It claims that the 40 cent frozen patty hamburger is composed mostly of cereal, that the french fries are presalted and greasy and that the turkey the research team experienced was not only odd, but bad; as well as that the gravy the turkey was sitting in was excessively salty.

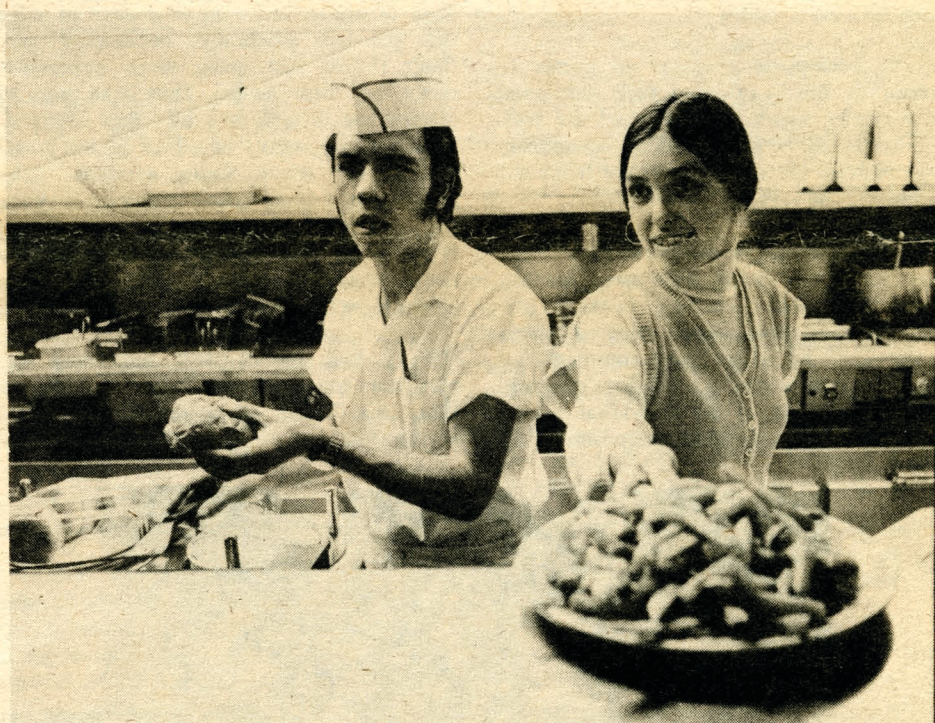
The mashed potatoes (a word which the researchers inadvertently but consistently spell potatos) were, the report says, “cold and sticky”.

Coffee at McGill didn’t escape criticism as the report describes it succinctly as “muddy and undrinkable.” The machine coffee got even shorter shrift as it was “mostly water”.

The report singled out three areas where the McGill Union cafeteria was contravening the law. In the first instance, the report points to recycled plastic cutlery; second, there is eating in the halls and third, the staff had no hairnets or hats and that, in fact “hair was all over the place”.

The McGill Pizza Parlor was hit for having excessively dirty trays all over the floor and pastry that was both stale and greasy. All in all then McGill seemed to be a bad eating choice for committee members Ostling and Aronovitch as “all members of the committee were excessively ill and symptoms of indigestion and nausea occurred within a few hours after eating at McGill.”

Two bad eating choices in a row it seems with the report’s blistering account of the Loyola facilities. Taken from the top, the report tells us that the eating area was tiny, consisting of two rooms, each with about 15 tables. The staff lounge, the report claims, was larger than the student area. There wasn’t any salt, pepper, sugar or ashtrays on tables. There was neither variety in the menu nor atmosphere in the place, the report claims.



Antonio Dias keeps the hamburgers hopping while happy helpmate Janis Ostling hustles an umpteenth portion of frites. Sir George grease is golden, by comparison, say Miss Ostling and Bobbi Aronovitch in a recent survey of university cafeterias.

And what was in the menu was in the committee’s words “YECH”. This included the three ounce hamburger and the tasteless and almost cheeseless pizza. The Loyola Club apparently was found to be passable at 90 cents but the french fries were greasy.

The committee members took note of an egg sandwich exchange: “While awaiting our dinners, a student returned a pre-packaged egg sandwich because she said it was bad... she was then given a new one which had to be prepared by the egg that was normally used for toasted sandwiches.”

The new cafeteria in Kingston Hall offered possibilities, even if as the authors of the report conceded, the condiment table was dirty. The prices and food were pretty much the same at the other facility except that there were daily specials offered and the general menu had more variety.

The committee members admitted being reminded of their own kindergarten days at Loyola, as they were required to take their chairs down off the tables to eat and after having eaten, they were required to replace them.

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HANDBOOK ISSUE

Blacks fight commercial media muddle

The Black Voice got its start seven months ago with the aim of filling a news vacuum left by other Quebec newspapers.

"We felt that it's important for the Black community to have a newspaper which expresses its outlook on the issues that are affecting it in Quebec and Canada," managing editor Cliff Gaston recalls.

"Historically, and it's also true at the moment, the larger papers like the Montreal Star, the Gazette and others don't carry much news about issues affecting the Black community and the condition of Blacks in that community."

The Black Voice is published monthly by the Cote des Neiges Black Community Development Project, an organization which is partially funded by the YMCA. Gaston recently replaced Project Director Leroy Butcher as editor.

Beyond inadequate coverage of events of interest to Blacks, Gaston feels that even those stories which are published are badly interpreted. "The general newspapers de-emphasize the issues and take them out of context," he says.

"For example, a couple of summers ago there were two Black girls living in the Queen Mary area. Some guy broke in and tore the apartment apart, smeared faeces on the wall and wrote racist comments all over. The papers pick up this sort of thing, but they treat it as an individual act, a prank, not as something symptomatic of

larger problems that Black people are facing. They play it up because it's outstanding or sensational."

Gaston says the local papers simply don't hear about much of what goes on in the Black community. "They are not geared to covering the community and they don't have reporters on this beat so they don't know about the extent of discrimination in housing and employment."

One aim of the Black Voice, then, is to monitor the local papers in order to counter what Gaston believes to be not only wrong but prejudiced accounts of things happening both in Canada and abroad. "Take the editorials in the Star or the Gazette. They're all very soft-peddling. They'll say, for instance, 'we certainly disagree with what they're doing, but at the same time the Blacks in South Africa have to understand that they have to solve this problem gradually, because if they don't they'll just bring more oppression down on their heads. They (the papers) always put forward the line that this problem can supposedly be solved by the goodwill of the White South Africans... The papers are talking about dialogue between the African states and Rhodesia and South Africa and this has proven futile. Why the papers would keep holding this out as a false hope is beyond me."

"But I think the cardinal thing these papers are staying away from — and one thing the Black Voice refused to do — is the fantastic amount of economic in-



THE BLACK VOICE

The lead editorial written by ex-Georgian Leroy Butcher in the latest number of Black Voice:

Due to the efforts of the Cote des Neiges Black Community Development Project Inc. over the past year, along with other organizational representatives particularly from the Negro Community Centre and the Black Institute under Clarence Bayne, as also the efforts of Roy States, the question of the position of Blacks in Quebec was raised time and time again. This being the case a Sympathetic Liberal party member in the person of Miss Sheila Rubin was finally able to place the situation before the Party convention based on a frame of reference drawn up by Mr. Carl Whittaker and the Cote des Neiges Black Community Development Project Inc.

One of the results of all this has been a statement attributed to the provincial government in the Gazette on Monday the 18th, stating the preparedness of the Quebec government to undertake a study of the conditions of Blacks in Quebec in many different areas, from which efforts will be made to ensure that Blacks at least get the same opportunity or treatment as whites in these areas.

This just goes as a lesson to those who would seek to engage in the struggle for

the betterment of Blacks and mankind. One never knows what the results will be, but once principled, reasonable and realistic activity is engaged in, at whatever level, results will come. This activity must also be based on a understanding and knowledge of historical development and a clear, practical and progressive theoretical approach.

But now a problem arises, these little inroads are being made by people doing hard work, but they can only be maintained and capitalized on for more gains, if there is some form of organization to systematically handle these developments. Without organization we do not have to be recognized and we will lose ground.

Let them scoff whoever may, but it is from the fight for these concessions that a people gains confidence and a movement its strength. It is the basis of all struggle to seek concession after concession even while an overall program or platform is being proposed with a long term objective. By making these concessions those in power are forced into a contradiction between the basis of their power and the people will act when these contradictions become too grave. They always have; for any retraction of a concession is an infringement and can only be maintained by repressive force.

volvement that Canada has in South Africa. I think we have to realize that the news media is an extension of the government and they get their support from the same people that have economic involvement in South Africa. Thus they can only go to a certain extent in questioning the policies of South Africa."

Another goal for the Black Voice is to provide a forum for Blacks in Montreal, Quebec, and even Canada, thereby, Gaston hopes, knitting together what are now isolated communities. "They don't have any medium to communicate what's happening to each other, what programs and meetings are being held concerning the issues that affect their lives. If we could serve that purpose, to start communication so that we can start some sort of forum to discuss these issues and put programs together, that would be a fantastic thing in itself. Hopefully, also, we can start to effect change in the attitudes of people who are in supposedly progressive-minded movements and who are thinking about change but who don't even know what the issues are and how people are thinking in the various communities that they are purporting to serve. We hope that information (through the paper) can help them to form more active programs."

Signs of success appeared when some Black prisoners in Quebec and New Brunswick got hold of the Black Voice and sent letters to the editor about their life inside the prisons and expressing their need for a vehicle like the Black Voice through which they can keep in touch with the outside world. As a result

the Cote des Neiges Community Project has embarked upon a program of visiting the prisoners says Gaston.

The Black Voice can be picked up for 25¢ at International News (Atwater and Ste. Catherine).

Anyone is welcome to send articles which they think may be of interest to 5757 Decelles, Suite 17, Montreal 251.

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Even the U of M, previously noted here for their salmon special, didn't entirely escape the biting comment of the report. The secondary facility in the student union had good food but had to be partaken of under the weltering thunder of the snackbar jukebox.

In still another eating area (we can begin to see how the university runs up a big eating bill), the food was generally good, as it was shipped in from the main cafeteria but the area was badly planned, the report says, as it discouraged students from picking their trays. This particular area was, the report continued, given up to the "grubbies and slob... in comparison to the cleaner people who eat in the main cafeteria (i.e. us)."

In the report's closing remarks the authors end with a strong statement of conditions on which they would be willing to return to either McGill or Loyola:

"We have decided that we will never eat at Loyola or McGill again, unless we are willing to be hospitalized the next day."

Could it be clearer?

Chief Librarian

Sir George Williams University invites applications for the position of CHIEF LIBRARIAN to direct and further develop library services and collections.

There is a full-time staff of 129 of whom 31 are professional librarians. The collections, including non-print materials, are approaching 700,000 items. The design of an on-line circulation system is underway as part of an overall plan for library systems development.

The successful candidate will be a librarian with varied experience and demonstrated administrative ability. A knowledge of French is desirable.

Applications in confidence should be addressed to:

Dr. John Smola
Vice-Principal, Administration
and Finance
Sir George Williams University
1455 de Maisonneuve Boulevard West
Montreal 107, Quebec.

Joseph Gold

What has happened to our study of the language and our familiarity with the best models of its use from all ages? Why is it time to take a new look at developments in education in English? Why does it matter if people do not enjoy advanced command of their mother tongue, if their vocabularies are limited and if they communicate in monosyllables, in grunts and other noises and if they read little or not at all?

My colleagues across Ontario, and probably across Canada, will testify that from all sides the cry is going up, Lord help us to find those who can read and write. Engineers complain that students cannot write reports. Parents complain that teachers cannot speak clearly, accountants search for those who can address their clients with clarity, businessmen look in vain for secretaries who can spell, the civil service pleads for candidates who can compose letters, and so it goes on. Now this is the practical side of the situation in language skills mastery, and the most obvious kind of social utility that everyone can understand. No one would argue seriously about these needs and yet can we honestly say that we educate seriously in these areas? Students may be more aware of more of their world than ever before, indeed I am sure that media-drenched children may very well be more familiar with the strange than were earlier generations.

Jacques Cousteau, the living desert, the glass-works, the printing press, the Arctic seal, the great turtle of the Galapagos Islands, may all now be filed into the general visual awareness of the modern child. But how are all these, and the million other ordinary experiences of the senses to be absorbed into the child's consciousness? Does the Great Turtle matter any more than the butterfly in the garden, the spider on the wall or the father's angry shout, if none of these can be fully apprehended, understood, defined and integrated into the mind by language? It is language that enables the child to sift and file and sort and overcome his experience, to convert it, use it, repeat it and discuss it. Without language the images of what is strange will be meaningless, as will what is familiar. These pictures are messages recorded by a mechanical answering service that cannot tell what it has heard.

So depressed have we become about the literacy of today's youth, so far have we drifted from a dream about forming a linguistically sophisticated population by universal public education, that we daily encounter educated men and women, educators themselves indeed, who believe we can train students to perform an isolated language art, like writing engineering reports, without cluttering their minds with other language paraphernalia. Not only is this naive in the extreme, like trying to teach someone to drive with hands tied behind his back, but there are moments when it strikes me as shockingly cynical, the product of despair in education. Don't give us educated people, give us assembly-line minds, those who can write reports, as though we are speaking of the ability to read gas meters, clean teeth, catch mice, and do nothing else. But language is like nothing else — human beings cannot dabble in it. In the land of the blind the one-eyed man is King. In the world of language we have a moral imperative and a social compulsion to ask for nothing less than full vision.

A review, a novel, a treatise, an essay, a thesis, a brief, a speech, a poem, a letter, a notice, and a lecture; all are built from the same materials. Of course, there is no difference in the tools avail-

Those who can talk will rock (hell out of those who can't)



able for each of these tasks and the person who can write a clear and persuasive brief can turn his skills and his vocabulary to a dozen other roles, making those alterations necessary to achieve a different effect, much as a potter uses his skill to shape his clay into a dozen different forms and functions. There is no short-cut to language mastery. There is only an absolute commitment on the part of a society and its educational system to the proposition that language is primary and that it will be given primacy in its list of priorities among subjects to be taught and learned.

English, the word English used to describe a subject of study, has been so twisted and beaten and altered and perverted that it now means nothing and everything. It is now part of communications and no privileged part, either. Photography, plastic models, magazine collages, crayoning, current affairs, travel and politics, chats about home, school, friends, food, walks in the country — everything is English. By this system it is possible to appear to teach English and end with students who cannot spell, read, speak, write a sentence or have any awareness of their great literary or cultural heritage. Evidence of the current failure to achieve any common standard of literacy is the abolition of the Ontario Scholarships, once a proud standard of scholarly excellence and now in their final year. Their disappearance is a confession that there is no longer any way to make a judgement that can decide their award.

Students are now the victims of pure chance. They always were, as far as their parents went. I am one of those who believe that children do not choose their parents, any more than parents choose their offspring. At least, however, we used to believe that by common goals in education, children could get something of an even break in school. Now this too is the luck of the draw, in teachers, schools and regions. Small wonder that students want to leave and have a rest from freedom like this. And surely the situation can only get worse. Where a teacher chooses not to mark essays, uncompeled by any common test or goal, free to follow exclusively his or her own bent or taste or whim, students will not write and the number of literate people will decline.

So that the cycle of fewer teachers and fewer students and of fewer future parents and citizens who can read or write at any command beyond the primitive produces in its turn fewer and fewer — until what is left is the literate elite, composed of those few who, by home and school influence and deep personal inclination, will love and practice their language, thus becoming arbiters of taste, controllers of thought and prized guardians of learning, as indeed they once were. And this is no idle or merely sensational prediction. For let us remember that our system of universal public education is not much more than a hundred years old and our assumption of universal literacy is even more recent. We have somehow been lulled into thinking that literacy will now happen to us at birth or by osmosis, forgetting that language is learned and not learned easily. It has been true in the past, as it will be true in the future, that those with the greatest command of language, those who write most freely, speak most eloquently and argue most persuasively, will be the people who command the greatest personal prestige and social power. Our vertical structure, in every western society, may in the first instance be by birth or be religious, racial or economic, but in the final analysis the great leveller is linguistic.

Shaw, in *Pygmalion*, was essentially right, then and now. In politics, diplomacy, commerce, law and education, language will vitally determine who plays the significant roles. The French in Canada are quite right in believing that the survival of their culture will depend on language. There is no French or German or Russian picture, or image except in some surface manner or subject. There is only language and there identity is formed. If there is such a thing as a national mind, as a cultural response that can be recognized, it comes from language.

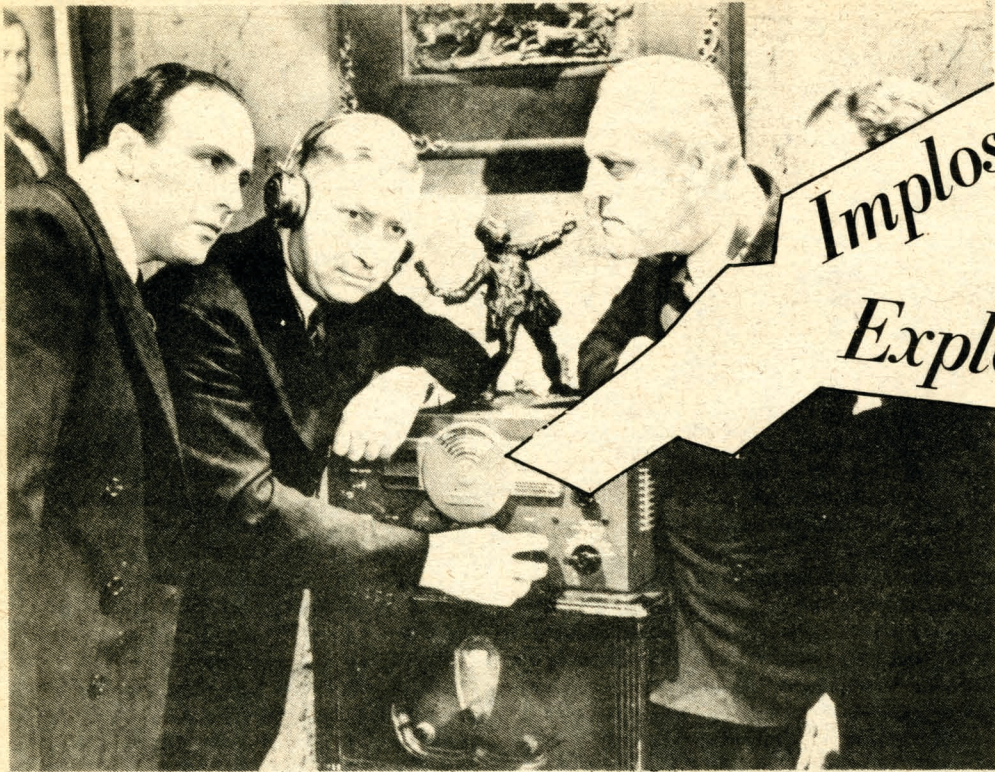
Language is powerful. It has changed our world. It has been instrumental in the rise of Western religions, capitalism, revolution, Marxism, Fascism and Nationalism. It is the first target of all Totalitarianism. Book-burning is the *sine qua non* of repression. Silence is the rule of fear. A democratic population is characterized by sophisticated literacy; what is said depends on what we know will be heard. The

political figure who manipulates language and weaves a net around us, imprisons us unless we have the antidote, a parallel mastery of his own tools. Images on a screen flicker and pass. The replay of the hockey game is chosen by someone else. But nothing equals the written text, where we command the replays, where we hold the evidence, where we can point and ponder. Let me quote Northrop Frye: "The document is the model of all real teaching, because it is infinitely patient: it repeats the same words however often one consults it."

We live and think and move and conduct all of our affairs in language. The heart of every university is still its library. Abolish its Faculty, close its audio-visual bureaux, empty its classrooms — but leave its library free and the institution will survive, will survive that is if anyone is left who can read. And we have no choice, you and I, but to go on with the process of language, to increase our self-awareness. To be a little literate, if one may speak collectively of our own society, is as impossible as being a little pregnant. We are language creatures and if we do not develop this skill to its full potential in every man, as nearly as we can, we are simply depriving him of his personal and us of our social benefits. We are imprisoning him in his ignorance, we are foreshortening his world. To quote George Steiner, "the larger a man's vocabulary, the more resourceful his syntax, the greater will be his possession of self and the sum of reality on which he can draw." Those things are real that we can name, as primitive man knew, as Adam discovered when he named the animals. We cannot stand still in this matter of language learning. We go forwards or backwards and make no mistake that language can die, or at least disappear for the vast majority of people. We pay lip service to the provision of skills for increased leisure time while around us at this very moment machines are replacing men and women, and the best we can offer is more T.V. channels, more pabulum for passive viewers and consumers, sitting, we imagine, like young birds in a centrally heated nest, waiting to be fed. We want to join an international community, we want increased trade, we want greater international understanding and yet we cannot understand our own language, let alone anyone else's. Let us be perfectly clear about the consequences.

We must either be committed to increased literacy or slip back willy-nilly into a passive state of submission to those who will control our language. Language study and discipline is not like other subjects, which can be the plaything of fads and the victim of fashion in an education theory, without fundamentally affecting our personal and social well-being. It precedes all other studies, it is basic to our humanity and it is central to our discovery of the truth about our world and ourselves. From it we make new worlds, describe new possibilities, shape the past and project the future. Its disappearance as the heart of mass education will have a terrible revenge on us in the ironic form of undermining the very system of which it was initially the foundation, the keystone, and the proud pinnacle.

Joseph Gold is a professor of English at Waterloo. Above are excerpts from his speech to the ACUIB Conference, October 30, 1972.



Implosion!
Explosion!

Solutions Please!

Gary Boyd

The times they are a-changing. This is nowhere more apparent than in our universities. After a decade of rank growth a period of austerity has set in and we are faced with the rather grim problems of resource allocations.

One ad-hoc solution to such problems is what might be called 'Academic Darwinism': the allocation of resources to whatever programmes immediately exhibit the greatest strength. "Unto them that hath, it shall be given, and from them that hath not, even that which they have shall be taken away" — as it were.

The trouble with naïf Darwinism is that the kind of strength which is appropriate for today's problem, may be wholly inappropriate to tomorrow's problems. Natural selection often leads to extinction; what then is a viable alternative to academic Darwinism?

One possible approach is to forecast the most vital needs of society, and in particular, those which are not well-met by other institutions and which could conceivably be met by our institution, and then to create and develop programmes to meet these needs.

Following this approach, we would allocate resources to these top-priority programmes in whatever measure would be required to make them attractive to potential students and employees. Instead of saying that 'such-and-such a programme attracts a majority of students, therefore, give it more resources', we should be saying 'These specific programmes are most important, therefore we must allocate enough funds for 'advertising' and for development of the programmes so that they will attract an appropriate complement of students.'

To do otherwise is an abnegation of responsibility. We do know, or can determine what society needs much better than by mere *laissez-vaire* response to so-called demand.

Incidentally, there are in fact universities which are attempting to do this kind of thing: notably the University of Southern Illinois which called in Buckminster Fuller to help in shaping its programmes, and the Open University of Great Britain which has developed broadly integrated programmes directly related to social needs.

One of the best expositions of current global problems was given by John Platt in an article in *Science*, November 1969. Global problems are ranked in order of seriousness (number of people likely to perish) and urgency (period of peak threat).

The top three problems are:

1. staving off nuclear war, which requires development of peace-keeping mechanisms stabilised by appropriate feedback loops.
2. Population explosion, which requires development of advanced bio-technology to feed and care for the population, even as we damp the explosion.
3. Socio-political implosion, which requires the development of social indicators and psychological, social, and integrative philosophical knowledge, to ameliorate the implosions.

I submit that our first question should be: what academic programmes could we offer people to better equip them to develop creative solutions to these the three most urgent and potent problems.

The answers are by no means trivially obvious. For example, art and religion may have almost as important a rôle as sociology and economics in providing the solutions we need.

But it is perhaps in debating issues of such weight that university council could really draw upon the strengths of its members now largely wasted on day-to-day executive trivia. (Of course some people may contend that what should be prepared for, is life in a post-industrial affluent society, but from a global perspective this current affluence of Euramerica looks to be an exceptional and probably short-lived phenomenon.)

Other questions which need to be gone into relate to the need for *programme* budgeting, rather than budgeting and administration based on such obsolete, awkward, and divisive structures as faculties and departments!

But suffice it to say here that robbing the poor to feed the rich is hardly an optimum way to determine the shape of things to come for the new Sir George Williams-Loyola University.

Gary Boyd is assistant professor of instructional communications at SGWU.

Board of Governors/Ombudsman Review

The Board of Governors met January 11. The Principal reported that, according to the regulations setting up the University Ombudsman Office, an assessment of its validity by the Board of Governors and University Council is required at the end of two years. Dr. O'Brien believed that this review should begin as soon as possible. The ombudsmen, themselves, were appointed for a two-year term from September 1971 and it seemed desirable to decide the future of the office on the basis of our own experience before the new university came into existence. He therefore recommended that the Board approach University Council now to set up a joint review mechanism. He suggested that this might consist of a committee composed of the Principal as chairman, two members of faculty appointed by University Council, two students appointed by University Council, an outside member of the Board of Governors, a member of middle management and a member of the support staff appointed by the Principal.

E.A. Lemieux felt that to save committee time the review could be undertaken by one competent person, who would report to the Board and University Council. J. Novak said it was desirable that a student



also be appointed by UCSL to provide a different orientation from the student members of University Council. J. Bordan considered there should be only two students on the committee if there were only two faculty members. D. Moore said the ombudsman office was most important to the students, and it was essential that they be represented during the review process. He felt the office could play a crucial role

during the coming year. The Principal said that the work load should not be too heavy, and the credibility of the review process was most important. He therefore considered a committee was necessary; it could well assign investigatory work to an individual.

The Board approved the action recommended by the Principal, and referred to him the question of committee membership. P. McEntyre emphasized the need to have an outside member of the Board on the Committee, C.F. Carsley supported the representation of UCSL.

The Principal reported on the Clean-up Program. There had been a marked deterioration in the condition of our buildings due to heavy occupancy and austerity-imposed reductions in the cleaning staff. An additional \$25,000 has been allocated to the cleaning operation for the rest of this academic year, and a campaign is under way to encourage the active cooperation of the University community. The results will be monitored by a special committee, and a decision will be made by the end of term about what action is required next year.

The Operational Services Committee report noted the establishment of a Task Force on Non-Curricular Student Space, which will review the space available to students for study, recreation, eating and lounges; recommend the best distribution of existing space; evaluate unmet needs, and recommend priorities.

J. Smola reported that so far 68 companies had held recruiting sessions on campus, 11 were scheduled for January, and 5 for February. These figures are below last year's.

Graduate Awards

This list includes awards with deadlines up to the end of January. More information at Guidance Information Centre H-440.

The Russell Sage Foundation. Graduate student fellowships. Deadline January 30.

Cambridge University. The Canada scholarship at Cambridge. Deadline: January 30.

The Russell Sage Foundation. Graduate student fellowships. (doctoral level) Deadline: January 30.

Hockey Canada. Scholarships. (undergraduate) Deadline: January 31.

Your winter metro guide

Winter recreation possibilities

Supplement: kitchen warfare

VOLUME 1, NUMBER 4



HANDBOOK

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Atwater

Carni Capers

Alexis Nihon's possibilities as an indoor time-killing spot are probably too well known already; but there are a few spots in and near the Atwater station you may have missed. On the first level above the Metro, near the escalators to the bus terminus, is Carnival Pop Corn, offering up the real hot thoroughly buttered stuff for 25¢ a bag or 50¢ a box — considerably better than theatre fare. Since the Atwater stop gives access to five different movie houses — the Seville on St. Catherine, two in Alexis Nihon, one in Westmount Square (accessible through a tunnel from Atwater) and the Avenue on Greene Avenue across the street from Westmount Square — a quick stop at Carnival beforehand is convenient. Besides regular popcorn, they've got fresh caramel popcorn, cotton candy, candied apples and something called honey balls — but please don't leave their remains on the theatre seats.

Anyone who gets a kick out of amusement machines (coin operated) can turn the corner from Carnival and have his pick of gun, car, crane, hockey and soccer — type games.

Discorama (same level) discounts current records to only \$4.98, but a "Today's Special" bin takes a different daily selection of latest hits down to a reasonable \$3.98. Also has a good selection of not too old oldies at \$1.98 and \$2.98.

Still indoors at Alexis Nihon, up another floor from Carnival, is PJ's Pet Centre. Even if you're wisely not in the market for a mynah bird or poodle, the store affords free entertainment in the form of showcase fish tanks with a good variety of fish — a visual treat or sane substitute for owning the things yourself.

Open Spaces

Once braced by the indoor goodies, venture outside for crowd-relief. Within two blocks of Atwater are acres of park-like seminary grounds good for quiet walks. The historically notable Sulpician grounds whose fate is yet to be determined by the city contain a long canal-like pool with poplar trees abounding. The land stretches from near Atwater on the north side of Sherbrooke almost to St. Matthew, and is the site of two fortification towers dating from the late seventeenth century and now housing rake and hoe.

On the south side of Sherbrooke on either side of Atwater are the grounds of two convents graced by some of the most beautiful trees in Montreal. Through there's always a chance you'll be asked to leave (this seems to vary from hour to hour and day to day), generally there's tolerance for those who just want to mind their own business and have a thoughtful stroll.

From Soup to Nuts

There's more outside the Atwater station than the Forum — several specialty shops in the area have more to recommend them than their counterparts inside, if indeed there are counterparts. Rex Nuts, at 2197 St. Catherine, sells its own fresh peanut butter in addition to roasting and mixing other nuts. Besides all kinds of nuts, they've got an interesting selection of imported candies. In a previous Handbook we've mentioned International News with its unbeatable selection of magazines, pa-

pers, etc. It's right next door to Rex Nuts. Across the street Dressmaker's Service, 2186 St. Catherine, affords blessed relief to sewers fed up with prepackaged sewing notions. Their forte is an amazing choice of accessories — trims, buttons and bows, zippers and so forth.

One block east of Atwater, on Closse near de Maisonneuve, is a record shop we haven't checked out — its hours seem slightly arbitrary — but it seems worth exploring. Called the Sky Reggae, it promises calypso and the latest Jamaican hits — 45's from the looks of it.

And for the occasional find in old records, though you have to be willing to sift through Connie Francis and Doris Day, browse at the news stand on the south corner of St. Catherine and Atwater. The proprietor has boxes of old books as well, and if you just say the word, he'll produce stacks of sheet music well worth wading through and priced more cheaply than the records. We recently picked up a slightly battered "Nola" for a dime and a not-at-all battered book of Czerny's piano exercises for 20¢.

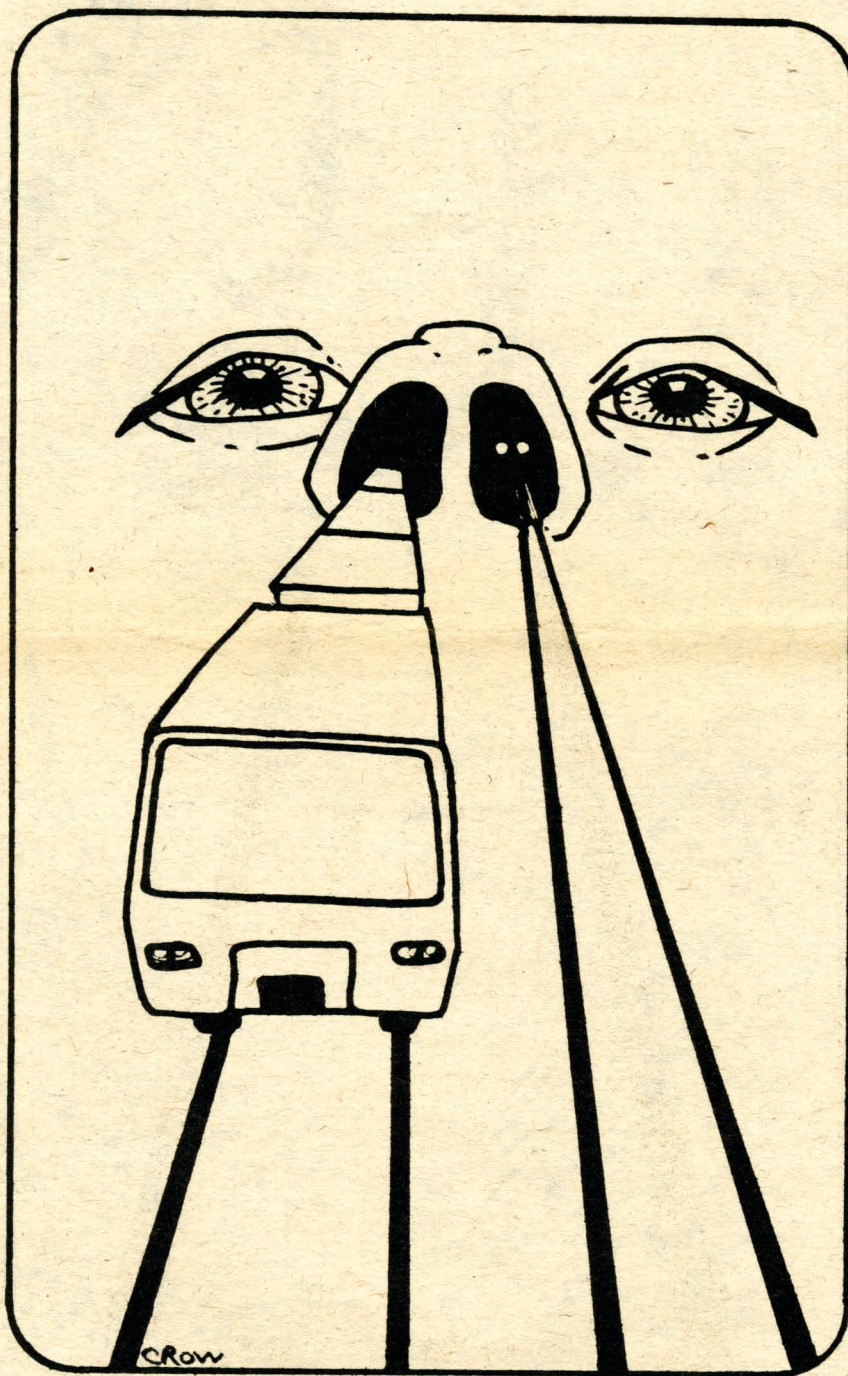
The Atwater Library, corner Atwater and Tupper, is another good retreat

Your Metro Guide

This is a winter guide to life and goings on adjacent to Metro stops, on Lines 1 (Atwater to Berri) and 2 (Berri to Bonaventure). In the next Handbook, we will provide an equally prejudiced guide to the regions flanking the eastern and the northern sections of the mainline subway routes.

With little exception we found little to interest the serendipitor journeyman in the actual stations. The adventure packages offered the public in the excesses of Alexis Nihon and Bonaventure are we think a blight on our time. More because they often divert people from what's of real and enduring interest outside the stations. It really comes down to whether or not you want your shoe stitched at the shoe bar of a diversified corporate resident of a shopping center or at a shoemaker who has a real interest in his craft. Or sitting under a poplar in the Sulpician seminary or under a plastic birch in Place Bonaventure. Even in winter!

Take all of it in before the blight spreads. Take notes and pass on what you've learned. Good luck.



from the nearby bustle.

They're quite good on recent acquisitions — generally have a good if relatively small collection. There is a surprisingly good collection of reference and handicraft books; though many are old, they're still useful. Anyone can read books and periodicals there, but to take them out you must become a member. It's \$10 a year for everybody except full-time students and senior citizens, who pay \$5. They're open from 10-9 Mon. - Fri., 10 - 5 on Saturdays.

If you've by chance attempted the whole itinerary with stops along the way for hot dogs and french fries (which we didn't suggest) and you're feeling uneasy in the stomach, you might want to know that the Montreal Children's Hospital, Tupper near Atwater, contains one of Montreal's two Poison Control Centres.

Window Shopping

The By George Delly at 1343 Greene has at least one thing going for it — their breads and rolls come from the Van Horne Bagel Bakery. Prices are similar to normal downtown bakeries but the quality is superior. Greene Avenue has a generous sprinkling of galleries and antique shops — mostly nice for window-shopping, though not everything is out of reasonable price range.

Henrietta Antony Inc. has a virtual museum of lighting fixtures from every period and place. It's well worth a visit just for the visual treat — which is probably all most of us will get since her stuff is good and you pay for what you get. Try to go into the basement — there's a slightly more approachable treasure trove there and a bit more walking space. Don't go on a day you're feeling clumsy — the shop is small and densely packed.

Guy

Away from the Madding Crowd

Though most of us could reasonably be expected to be pretty familiar with Guy Street's environs, there are always surprises. If you're looking for a break from the routine pubs and bars and taverns, the Limelight Coffee House on Pierce (a little one-block street just west of Guy between St. Catherine and de Maisonneuve) is worth a try. Though the prices are high (a pot of tea, albeit good tea, and a pastry will set you back more than a dollar), it's small, friendly, quiet and the food is good. Besides all sorts of tea and good pastries they've a limited selection of lunch fare. They don't seem to mind people lingering over a pot of tea and a book. All in all, it's a civilized place just a few steps away from the heart of hubbub — and it stays open late: noon to 1 a.m. weekdays, 4:30 to 2 a.m. Saturday and 4:30 to 1 a.m. Sunday.

Sounds

There's probably no one who hasn't heard of A & A Records where Marshall's used to be — 1621 St. Catherine — and it undoubtedly has the biggest selection in town. It's particularly good for budget brands of classical music, brands that seem to be unavailable elsewhere.

And we're advised that Galaxy Records, up on Guy above de Maisonneuve, though it's not a discount store is especially efficient about getting latest British pop imports.

Generous Eating

If you're looking for an alternative to cafeteria food and have a dollar or so to spend, between 11:30 and 2, you'd be well advised to try the Barnsider, in the Guy Towers high-rise between de Maisonneuve and Sherbrooke. Its chief drawing card is the sideboard with a huge bowl of salad greens, smaller jars of cucumbers, red and white onions, pickles, etc. and a choice of three dressings or oil and vinegar to which you're expected to help yourself limitlessly and at no extra charge. The dressings are great — the roquefort has huge chunks of cheese in it so you know it's the real article.

The greens are crisp and fresh. Fresh bread and unlimited butter go with the salad. The cheapest route is to simply order onion soup, which is as good as any around (with lots of cheese), for 75¢ and stuff yourself with salad and bread. But if you like good beef, for 95¢ you can have the best roast beef sandwich around — well worth the price, or a hamburger that's really made of sirloin, no cheating with breadiness. Coffee is served in mugs and you get seconds free. Since they tend to be busy for lunch go early or they may run out of beef or even soup. The waiters have that unusual combination of efficiency and friendliness — something of an achievement here because loudspeakers are constantly calling them to the "pit". One further free touch — a bag of apples supplements the usual after-dinner mints opposite the cash. Warning: Going there after the lunch special is out of the question unless you're really feeling flush.

Good Deals

Closer to the Metro itself is the cheapest film in town. Guy Street Photo, just above the Metro, sells 36-exposure Tri X for \$1.08. Elsewhere it goes as high as \$1.48; Direct Film, for example, charges \$1.30.

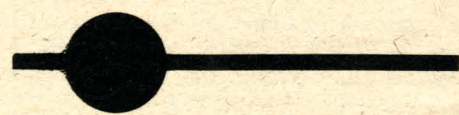
And keep Laura Secord in mind during the summer — they've got good ice cream cones reasonably priced right on the street level corner of the Metro building.

Traditions

Those looking for something to do on Sundays might consider the churches close to Guy on Sherbrooke, and either watch the papers for notices of concerts and interesting talks or keep an eye on notice boards outside the churches. If the Unitarians' intriguing sermon titles don't tempt you, or you feel you've little time to invest, try to make it to the side of the door cornering on Simpson (opposite the top of Mackay) where they post a thought for the week, often apt, sometimes obscure, usually offbeat.

The Murray's on St. Catherine near Guy may be identical to Murray's across the land as far as the food goes, but there are a few features perhaps unknown to most. We've seen signs of decay in the past year — perhaps it all started with the liquor licence. The tasteful and historically interesting mural of early Montreal holds a fascination for at least two cockroaches we've seen climbing up a mast; what's more, one usually peaceful Sunday breakfast at Murray's (a tradition for many) was shattered by the obvious consternation of two gentlemen patrons over the debut of a fly (in Murray's??!!). Though we wouldn't go that far in our expectations we were recently shocked by the replacement of butter with margarine on our griddle cakes. Still, the place muddles along, and can be fun for rubbernecking. Contrary to reputation, it's not strictly the hangout of old ladies. Last fall we spotted Rene Levesque brunching over the Montreal Star — for real.

Can't tell you where he bought his Star, but a good pre-Murray's stop is Wolfe's News Depot, just below St. Catherine on Guy. They're open till 11 p.m. 365 days a year and have a thorough selection of both papers and magazines. They still charge only 75¢ for the Sunday New York Times, less than most places.



Peel

Stanley Street Exit

The relatively new exit of the Peel Metro onto Stanley Street has made Sir George's Norris Building and the YMCA even more winter-accessible through their back doors. We've described in previous Handbooks the attributes of the various Stanley Street restaurants — Carmen, the Rose Marie, the Pam Pam

Vanishing Elegance

The Piccadilly Pub, in the Sheraton Mount Royal, has an old-style elegance unfortunately not matched in the rooms above. Never stay in the Mount Royal if you can help it; we know a distraught mother who had two dozen diapers taken by a maid seven years ago (who claims to have thought they were disposable) and has yet to get them back, for example. But the Piccadilly. Comfy chairs, nice wood panelling, lots of little nooks and corners for privacy — in short, what good hotel bars used to be. Though they seem to expect a tip for it, definitely not in the old tradition, waiters will bring you various nibbles — peanuts, canapes, etc. in the early evening. Drinks are reasonably priced, beer is 60 cents. It's quiet.

The Mount Royal's lobby is comfortable, too, though somebody botched the decor somewhere along the line; and it seems possible to collapse into a chair and read your paper without being bothered. In any case, since the Ritz seems bent

quite a good bakery — delicatessen on the first floor and is one of the best places to buy yarn and knitting supplies. Their fabric department features a terrific selection of all sorts of material in a wide range of prices.

West McGill

The Peel Metro has served to bring Sir George and McGill closer together in that the extremities of both campuses use the same stop. The main McGill Library, for instance, is slightly closer to the easternmost Peel exit on Metcalfe than it is to the McGill exit. Though that section of the campus (through the Roddick gates) has dwindled steadily as new buildings appear and as diseased elm trees take their leave, it's still a nice place to walk. Facing the library are two skating rinks, officially reserved to McGill people, though it doesn't seem patrolled. Notice boards sprinkled about will tell you what's going on at McGill, if you've forgotten to read the papers.

The Mansfield Book Mart, which we've mentioned before, is just below Sherbrooke on Mansfield across from McGill. They've got a good general selection with better than average selection of art books. And as anyone who reads Time knows, they have antique books and prints, in a wide range of prices. A great place to spend an hour, and their 30% — off sale is now in progress.

Quick Repair

Finally, further down on the east side of Mansfield, below de Maisonneuve, are a few shoe repair shops, small, old-fashioned, do-it-while-you-wait if you're lucky types: in case you've run through your soles or want your skates sharpened.



McGill

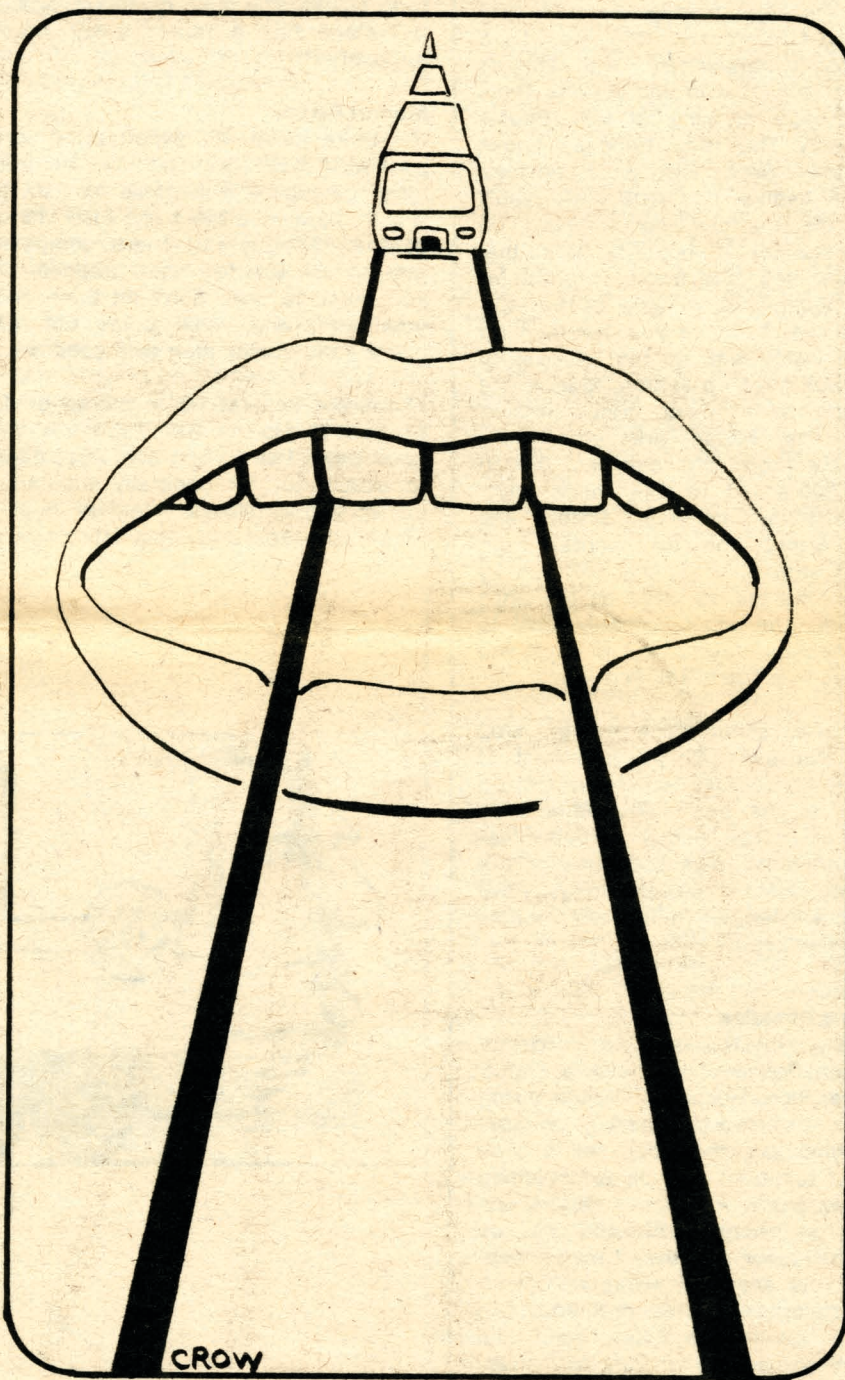
A Museum without Pain

If you have any business at McGill (University) on the east side of the campus and are a really calculating type, you might prefer the McGill Metro stop over Peel. The difference is marginal, but in 20-below weather worth considering, I suppose.

The McCord Museum is part of McGill but across the street on Sherbrooke corner of Victoria and is a delightful place to spend an afternoon. It's open only on weekends (Friday through Sunday, 11 a.m. to 6 p.m., no charge). The nice thing about this museum is that they don't try to show you all their wares at once, and you can "do" it in an afternoon without feeling either exhausted or that you've only scratched the surface. Exhibits are spaciouly laid out, the lighting is just right — it's a pleasant quiet atmosphere to learn something about Canadian history through costumes, furniture, paintings, silver, etc.

Their collection of native people's art is truly impressive — particularly West Coast Indian artifacts rarely seen by most of us. They have special shows from time to time, such as the current Cornelius Krieghoff exhibit. It's rarely crowded.

In the more practical educational field, the Protestant School Board of Greater Montreal offers a range of adult courses throughout the city and one of the locations is the High School of Montreal across from McGill on University Street about two blocks from the subway. Courses available there



— all within steps from the Metro, as well as the Nearly New Shop, just a half-block west from Stanley on de Maisonneuve. Though we have no new revelations about restaurants in the area, we've made a few other discoveries.

The Academic Book Store has recently moved to Drummond Street above de Maisonneuve, due to demolition of its former home (indeed demolition of the whole block) on Sherbrooke between Peel and Metcalfe. Their virtue is in knowing what they've got in the store despite the impressive volume. And if the owner happens to be in catching up on his accounts after working hours, he'll keep the store open.

on a Howard-Johnson death-wish in its decor and loitering there is frowned upon, you probably won't do better, if sitting in hotel lobbies is your thing.

If you don't want to collapse into a chair but would rather try your hand at conning free food and drink, have a look at the convention listings on the notice boards — perhaps you might pass as a visiting hat salesman/woman for their cocktail hour — but these dark pursuits we take no responsibility for.

Simpson's, just across from the back side of the Mount Royal on Metcalfe may not have the class of its sister department stores, but it does have

twice a year range from sewing to auto mechanics. For more information, phone PSBGM Adult Education 845-5421.

Eating Ideas

Coming out of the other exit of the subway into Morgan's, be advised that Morgan's pastry counter on the ground floor is quite good. Though we haven't tried them ourselves, we're told that Morgan's has several eateries worth going to including the cafeteria; La Soupière which offers a different meaty soup daily; and the more posh Regency Room. If it's food for thought you're looking for there's the Diocesan Reading Room (actually a bookstore) across the street from Morgan's on Union. They sell mostly paperbacks, largely in the fields of sociology, philosophy, psychology, religion, and are friendly and helpful. It, too, is rarely crowded and there's generally a sale table.

Just a few steps from there up Union on the corner of de Maisonneuve is a tiny sandwich shop, down a flight of stairs, where you can get good sandwiches, tea and pastry cheaply.

Music and other Necessities

Christ Church Cathedral, between Eaton's and Morgan's, has week-day noon-time organ recitals (or occasionally brass) and often Sunday goings-on, too. Or you can always stop in for a quiet moment between stores. Their churchyard is a good short-cut from Eaton's to Morgan's, but more and more people are discovering that, so soon that stretch of St. Catherine may be the short-cut.

Back on your way to the Metro, you might need a washroom but not feel like wading through department stores. Steinberg's, in the basement (closer to the Metro) has washrooms, though we haven't rated them. We should also point out that there's a liquor commission outlet just above Morgan's on the corner of de Maisonneuve and Union, though not one of the do-it-yourself variety. We can't point up the wonders of the Playboy Club formerly up from Morgan's on Aylmer, since it's just moved to the Shuchat Building, home of part of SGWU's library.

Place des Arts

Bargain Notes

The name speaks for itself, but we must mention as a good Sunday **morning** idea a current series of bargain concerts sponsored by Jeunesses Musicales, unique because you bring your own cushion to sit on and can have croissants and coffee while listening to chamber music. Check the papers for the next one and get there early — the first two have been popular. You might also try taking advantage of the rush seats at \$1.50 on sale at 7:30 p.m. before the Montreal Symphony Orchestra's weekly concerts.

Exotic Food and Drink

It's surprising how little is in the immediate area for eats and drinks before or after PdA shows. If you're on the town for a full meal, there's a relatively new Vietnamese restaurant on the corner of de Maisonneuve and Bleury, across from PdA, moderately priced with food slightly spicier than most Chinese food here.

For drinks in a different surrounding, there's the Spanish Club, rather hard to find if you don't have a veteran leading the way. Though it's an uphill walk (up to Sherbrooke & Aylmer) and though it's actually probably closer to the McGill stop (out the Aylmer door of Morgan's when it's open and up), it's probably the most interesting bar after PdA. Anyhow, it's on Sherbrooke near Aylmer on the second and third floors of a commercial building, no. 485. Often there's little going on and you can just sit in the dark with all the privacy in the world. Other times the place is jammed, noisy, the occasional minor fight. Still other times you're treated to the extemporaneous musical expression of the patrons and/or management, with Spanish guitars and feet and hands going full tilt. Charlebois used to be seen there from time to time. Closing time is liberal.

Up the Hill

For daytime meanderings a little closer to the Metro, though still close to Sherbrooke, is Phantasmagoria, a record shop great for recent rock, etc. It's a comfortable atmosphere, with ancient couches to lounge in and various items of hand-made clothing for sale. People are friendly. They're on Park just above Sherbrooke. Really lazy souls can take the Park Avenue bus up the hill (you'll be let off one block over (east) on Jeanne Mance). It should be noted that the Place des Arts Metro is great for anyone wanting to transfer to the Park Avenue bus, because you can wait for the bus inside with no fear of missing it. The bus goes up Jeanne Mance and eventually to Park at Prince Arthur, making the Milton-Park area fairly accessible from the subway, though there's little left to see these days. Still, half-way between Milton and Prince Arthur and just across from the bus stop is a skating rink run by the city. It's not as large as the ones at McGill, and you'll probably have to dodge hockey players, but at least you know you won't be asked to leave.

If you need some quick energy, stop at the Patisserie Belge, just east of Park on Sherbrooke (again you could transfer to the bus). They've a wide variety of French pastry — better variety than most, plus good quality and moderate prices, unless things have drastically changed in the few months since we've been.

Smoker's Paradise

Back down the hill, near the corner of Bleury on President Kennedy is Blatter Brothers Pipe Hospital. Though fixing pipes is an important part of the old family business, they also sell a wide range of tobaccos and pipes, including their own pipes. Apparently they're one of the few shops in Canada that do make their own, and they'll make them to customer specification as well. Anyone with pressing pipe problems can put their confidence there, but it's a fascinating place to go just for shopping around and seeing what they've got.

Diversions

If you've restricted your downtown shopping to the big department stores west of Morgan's, it's surprising how prices go down just a bit further east. Lots of little stores selling shoes and clothing can be found on St. Catherine near Bleury, just down the street from the Metro. We know many women who depend on Dapper Dan for their jeans. If you've the patience to keep on trying them on, almost no matter what your figure you can get closer to a perfect fit (by buying their men's jeans) at a lower price than further west.

St. Laurent

Whoever decided on Metro decor obviously had it in for St. Laurent. It's the starkest station on the system, which seems a shame, for some of the most colorful spots in the city lie outside.

Cheapest Meal in Town

Lower St. Laurent, between St. Catherine and Dorchester, is the hot dog-french fry lover's mecca. Prices in most places are up to 20-25¢ for a hot dog, all dressed, and around 20¢ for french fries. Even so, it's probably the cheapest meal in town — though we wouldn't advise it for daily fare. At the Frites Dorées you can play all sorts of machines as well as eat. And at the Montreal Pool Room, you can play pool in mixed company without rude snickers, a good diversion, though the place has a rather dusty, musty atmosphere.

Market Place

If you're tired of supermarket pre-packaged meat and don't have the energy to get up to Waldman's for fish, try the St. Lawrence Meat and Fish Market at 1195 St. Laurent. There competing stores will vie for your attention — you must be firm, don't let them twist your arm, and you'll come out with some good quality stuff at a good price.

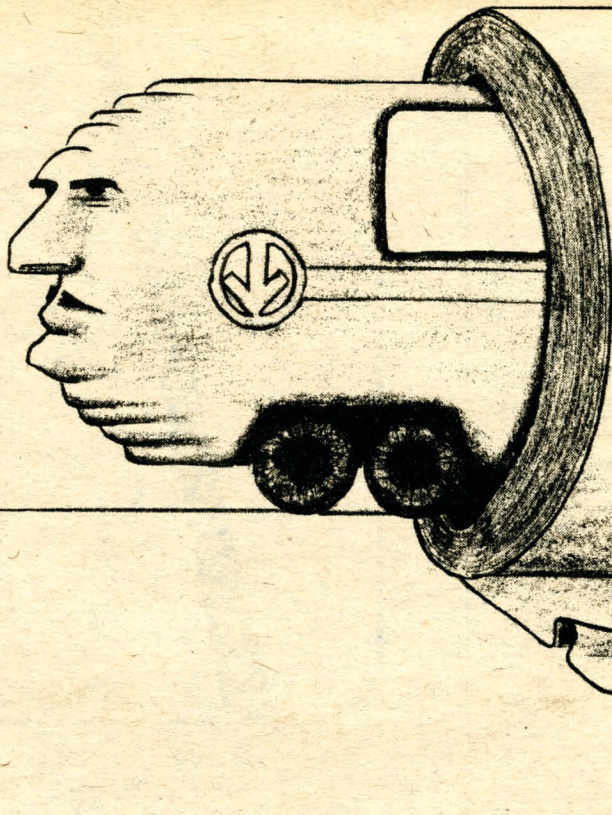
There are several fabric stores on St. Lawrence around St. Catherine with good buys, but there are several things to watch out for generally with small cheap fabric stores. One is quality. Make sure you unroll the fabric you're

the stuff over. And don't be shy about bargaining — very often if you say you don't think 49¢ a yard for unbleached muslin is impressive, they'll knock the "price" down to 29¢. With a little self-confident firmness, you can get true bargains. While the places around this Metro stop aren't the cheapest in town, they're good for starters. Shiller's, just above St. Catherine, not only sells a variety of fabrics but is a general dry goods store as well, with good buys in shirts, tablecloths, blankets, etc. They're low-pressure, comparatively. Flanking Shiller's are Lasalle Silks & Woollens and Reliable Dry Goods. Across the street is the fancier Nu-Fabrics, with the most dazzling window display and most convenient layout for browsing, but slightly pricier. Next to them is Rainbow Silks & Woollens, with some good-looking things in the window the day we were there — reasonably priced.

Healthy and Cheap

If you want a quick meal — or a leisurely one — but feel that the french fry palaces will do you in, go up to Optizo, on Ontario corner of Clark for a good health food meal at around \$1. You're bound to feel better for it and you can sit down in some comfort as opposed to the stand-up counters of St. Laurent. You can now buy foods from their new grocery store "Epiceriz" on St. Laurent corner de Maisonneuve.

Finally, if you're in desperate need of a light bulb or sundries like that on a Sunday and Quebec's I-forgot-it store fails, there's a general store in the bottom of a high-rise on the northwest corner of Colonial & Sherbrooke — a slight walk, but if you're desperate, it might come in handy. They sell food as well and are open at least until 10 every night.



going to buy and have a close look at the entire piece. Otherwise you may get home to find that the pattern is crooked or there are holes or worn spots or that that gorgeous velvet you bought is old — and old velvet has the most remarkable quality of disintegrating in your hand at the slightest touch. And unlike taking something back to a big department store, you'll oftentimes have no recourse — they'll simply shrug and say what did you expect at that price? So don't be afraid to really paw

Berri

Berri

Berri de Montigny for many brings up bad memories. It's the place where you're shoved out of one train, herded

to an escalator, herded into still another train, the driver of which has your arm singled out to smash with the doors. The only other thrill that comes near to this for train drivers must be the moment when they catch the greedy, shoving parcel-laden types coming out of Eatons at the McGill stop and in a series of door smashings pop the parcels out of the person's hands, the train by now whistling out of the station with either passenger or parcels. All this is to say that unless you really like this sort of thing, it's a good deal to clear out of the station entirely.

The terminus

If you land up in the Voyageur bus terminus, you'll discover that Voyageur's parent company, Power Corporation, has determined that smart ladies pay a dime to go potty (in the main facility two floors up) while people ladies don't have to pay (in the support facility on the main floor). If you've more on your mind than trying the terminus john, there are buses (for information, 843-4231). Parcel express for Canada (for information, 843-4231 ext 272) can be as costly as taking the bus yourself if you're sending something in the city area but can be cheap and reliable for long distance runs, more reliable certainly than the rail express companies. A friend despatched a much-needed key from Magog to Montreal for \$2 and it was received in three hours' time. For U.S. points, the announcer yammered, contact Greyhound Express at 849-3751 (located at 235 St. Jacques W.).

Bus termini never fail to miss the beauty of their surroundings, caught up as they are in the mad dash to be functional. The St. Jacques Church across Berri from the terminus has a small churchyard at the St. Catherine Street side, covered with trees and signs

cathedral and bishop's palace in Montreal stood on the site before it burned in 1852. The commission forgets to tell us when the church was erected, however. We do know, though, that the pleasant and simple presbytery attached to St. Jacques church stands a good chance of being demolished to accommodate a new commercial complex, although it hasn't yet been sold.

Going west towards St. Denis on St. Catherine, one finds the Club St. Jacques which boasts a year round open terrace, thanks to a heat duct at the entrance, and 99 princess phones for patrons to solicit dances from far off tables. For those interested in taking this nostalgic trip into the posh clubs of old, there's a price to pay: overpriced warm beer served by an ingratiating waiter at \$1.45 for two.

St. Denis St.

We've detailed some of the more interesting spots on St. Denis in an earlier Handbook, but we'll highlight some of them here. While there's a growing chic-ness about the place, St. Denis is live with film, coffee houses, bistros and groceries that promise to be more interesting than Steinbergs.

The Latin-American El Barrio Latino at 2077 St. Denis serves daily specials from 11 a.m. to 7 p.m., healthy paellas and all the rest. They have a very popular drinking corner, where you can sit and sip Sangria or just have a beer.

There are two large student coffee houses lower down, the Soma and the Picasso. They open around noon, and are just like any other café, with snacks and time to read and talk. Most of the places have terrasses in the summer.

The Saint-Malo even has a terrasse in the winter. It's an old-timer on the

It's very tiny and is called "Le Chouan". It's nice for a snack and a quiet chat, but it closes at 11 every night, except on Saturdays when it closes at midnight. It doesn't open at all on Sundays, like most restaurants on the street.

At the corner of Maisonneuve and St. Denis you will find the hang-out, the student kingdom, Chez Achille. It has a lot of space and a pleasant atmosphere, and to top it all it has a liquor licence, which is real competition to the coffee houses. They serve good food, full meals for \$1.24 from 11 a.m. to 3 p.m. in the week. From 3 to 7 there are all dressed pizzas for 60 cents, clubs with french-fries for \$1.24 and sandwiches. At night, the place is a student bar.

St. Denis is lined with bookshops - filled with used or new material and anyone wanting to delve a little deeper than the comparatively limited fare of the English language oriented Classic chain would do well to start his search here. Prices for used books unfortunately reflect the high cost of French imports and Quebec publishers, trying to work in a small market, even at the level of used books. A well used Plon paperback on Hegel, for instance, goes for \$5.00 at the Librairie Quebecoise (1567 A St. Denis). Anyone who has questions about Quebec publishing incidentally has the chance to visit neighboring Editions de Jour, a few doors away. Up a little more at 1707 St. Denis is L'Ezoterik which deals in a variety of occult literature.

Across the street is the Bibliotheque Nationale (1700), open nine to nine, Tuesdays through Friday and Saturday from nine to five. It's closed on Sunday and Monday, as it is all week to anyone under the age of sixteen, for God knows what reason. The library also houses the Cinematheque Quebecoise (for information on their low-priced films, call 873-4553).

If you have bike problems and are in the area, there's the Louis Quilicot bicycle repair and sales. (Rates through 842-1121).

Ontario Opportunity

Moving along Ontario back to Berri, it gets a little skimpy for interesting places. There is at the St. Hubert corner, one block east of Berri, an eatery where the fish and chips are a buck. Just before this at 541 Ontario E. is a military dealer who seems to deal in bundles of old material for what seem like cheap prices but the place seems rundown and on the verge of expiring. Either that or the owner will be expired by the sagging roof.

St. Hubert St.

Going down St. Hubert, a boulevard given up largely to hairdresser establishments and rooming houses, we find on our right the H.Q. of the White Fathers, the missionary group that claims they made it big in Africa. The stone statuary mounted on top of the building points up perhaps Montreal's only black figure, a freed slave thanking Mother Mary with Joseph looking on.

And suggestive of the bourgeois takeover of power from the church is the new arm of Dupuis Frères, Place Dupuis rising alone on the corner of St. Hubert and St. Catherine. Not too far east of this is Montreal-We-Never-Close-Pharmacy on St. Catherine.

Back on Berri at de Maisonneuve is the Archambault Music Store, one of few places in Montreal where one can pick up sheet music and where, if you've got the scratch, you can sometimes pick up anything from a sax to an old church organ.

And then of course there's the Show Mart, once the proud stomping group of Brahma Bulls and now the scene of the occasional mart-sized rock show.

Champ de Mars

One of the unique things about Montreal's subway network is that much of the subbing has to be done on foot. So it is with the Champ de Mars stop where one has to walk a couple of blocks before traces of civilization can be found. But interesting traces to be sure.

Viger Square

To the west of the station is Viger Square where the Viger arm of Dawson College sits with its main building soberly looking across the square to the baronial style C.P.R. Viger Station. The college building, with more the appearance of an old court than a college building, has that indelible Dawson stamp with the black italicized, sans serif letters on gold coloured plates spelling out **DAWSON COLLEGE**, across the front door, just the way it's done on many delivery trucks.

The charm of the tree-covered square is enhanced by a public john at the east end, a convenience no doubt appreciated by the children playing in the adjoining park. So few to serve so many, but there we are.

Around the Courts

If you know the political combustion that can be created in squares, you probably know that it's only a hop, skip and a shove to Le Quartier Generale de la Police. No. 1, as it is known to friends, on Bonsecours Street, just a bit west of the Square. This is useful in the sense that many of us will be, at one time or other, if we already haven't been, called upon to rescue a friend or relative or oneself from the clutches of the law. To politicians, the face of No. 1 is in many respects like the back of the Forum after a game, where fans wait in anticipation of seeing their hero emerge, be he Michel Chartrand or Yvan Cournoyer.

Walking south a little more and up to Notre Dame Street provides an excellent view of the Police heliport installation, giving that assurance that authorities are giving an aerial concern to public safety.

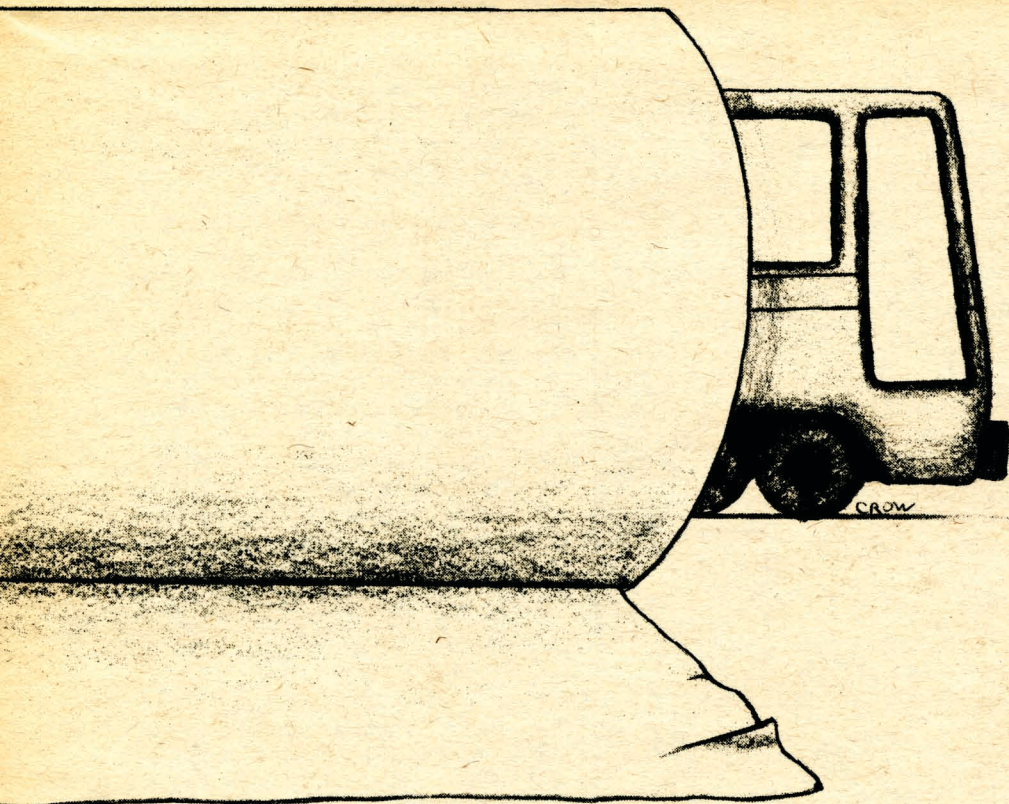
Jacques Cartier Square

The Champ de Mars stop is the one for you if you like cheap beer, in Place Jacques Cartier's Hotel Nelson, previously discussed; before 6 p.m., 75¢ a quart, and after 6, 90¢. The air drifting up from the basement facilities is now a mixture of hash and urine odors where previously it was a mixture that predominated in the vomit of patrons who perhaps should have headed home a little earlier.

At the top of Place Jacques Cartier stands one of the city's old wood newsstands, the wings and stands created by the news vendor himself to fit his own particular sales needs. They offer a good change from the characterless aluminum boxes - designed a few years ago to capture the real charm of news-vending.

Notre Dame St.

Along Notre Dame are the Old and New Federal Courts which really haven't seen any real action since Seafarers' chief Hal Banks fled on bail several



boasting all kinds of activity that's planned or happening in the adjoining church hall. The St. Jacques recreation association is housed there, along with a yoga coop and from time to time, film festivals are put on at reasonable prices.

St. Catherine St.

The Monuments and Historic Sites Commission reminds us on a plaque, fixed to a bar and dance club several doors down from the church, that the first

street and is still the best restaurant-bar combination. They have very special daily menus and delicious, generously garnished crêpes. The front part is for drinking, with windows to keep an eye on the street life. Up a few steps, in the back, is the restaurant. And for those who like it, they have a choice of home-made fruit or vegetable punches, liquid salads and natural juices.

There's another crêpe place, but only crêpe, on the other side of the street.

years ago, just west of City Hall, a scaled down imitation of Paris' municipal legislature but about the same in terms of its 'democratic' approach. As one enters the building, it's easy to envision what a Napoleonic washroom night have looked like in the marbled wasteland of the Salle d'Honneur. The public can visit the council room and watch proceedings, usually held about the beginning of each month in the evening. Phone 872-3135 for definite times.

Back on Gosford Street is the Municipal Court where audiences daily watch the Queen and City battling with defendants of all political and criminal shades, usually from about 9 a.m. to noon and 2 to 5 p.m. For those who think justice is dealt out here like it is in TV land, it's quite an eye opener.

Stash's Flea Market, near the corner of Bonsecours and Notre Dame, is often an overrated adventure to be sure, but if you want to relax with a book and a cup of coffee for an hour or two it can be worthwhile digging through the used book bin (25¢ each) even if much of it is given up to Nurse Jane and the Bobbsey Twins. Part of the improvement seems to be the result of sales people toning down what used to be an incessant eagerness to hustle you into an Indian Print dress or sandals. Another improvement is the restaurant addition of some while back which offers terrific deals in the way of daily specials ranging from bouillabaisse to stuffed cabbage for 99 cents. Another Stash food realization is on St. Sulpice, just below Place d'Armes. For information on setting up your own stall, contact Stash at 861-2915, after lunch hour's crush of people.

Things Visual

The area abounds with antique dealers who offer all sorts of things, from trash to real antiques, real being defined as something predating 1950 these days. One place worth noting, though, because you can pick your way through the backyard storage area, is Bonsecours Antiques, on St. Claude just below Notre Dame going south. Right next door of course is Chateau de Ramezay, offering visitors an interesting look at the country's past. Fifty cents will get you in everyday except Monday (closed), from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. and Sunday 2 p.m. to 5 p.m.

The area also offers opportunities for gallery visits and now perhaps is a good time to go before you have the tourist label pasted to your chest. And the restaurants in the area are pricy. There is an excellent frite palace opposite the Hotel Nelson that tries to gear itself to the Nelson's hours (up to midnight and often later), saving the weary from the tedious round of potato chips.

Many of the city's older churches are in the area, the best known of which is the Bonsecours sailors' church at the foot of Bonsecours Street. The interior is a spectacle of hanging model boats and canoes and the extent of bric-a-brac ornamentation would do a dime store proud. But, my, the church is getting a bit greedy, charging that hefty admission to go up to the look-out on the top of the church which, incidentally, provides those who can afford it a terrific view of Montreal's dying harbour (notwithstanding the Department of Transport's disclaimers).

A mini version of the St. Joseph's Oratory miracle mart shop is found behind the chancel where the sisters push religious trinkets. But we do remember with affection the time the lighting failed during a McGill Chamber Orchestra concert and the man at the keyboard

was permitted to use candles, normally 10¢ a shot, for free.

The Cinémas du Vieux Montréal, specializing in films that commercial movie houses don't normally show, offer film buffs the chance to view and talk film (in the adjoining Cine Club) at usual commercial film rates but offer season subscribers a good run of films at a considerable saving. For subscription information call 861-7863. It's at 136 St. Paul East. Two small but comfortable theatres.

Place d'Armes

Here again is one of those stations miles away from where the Metro people promised to let you off; not miles exactly, but a good three blocks from the scene of the crime. The station is actually rather closer to the Clarke Street gateway to Chinatown than it is to the commercial and banking legions of Place d'Armes.

Chinatown

Since we're at Chinatown's backdoor, there are a couple of the more out of the way places that should be of interest. One of these is the church mission school at Lagauchetiere and St. Alexandre which used to have a typewriter with Chinese characters which one brother very carefully explained to a friend once. They have from time to time a collection of Chinese and Vietnamese papers on hand and at one time another friend was said to get a quick and illuminating rundown of eastern printing techniques.

Near the foot of Clarke is a reasonably good Chinese grocery, now stocked increasingly with Peoples' Republic goods which provides a fresh alternative to the Formosan fare, all this across the street from a bar which offers western music acts, interrupted only occasionally by a topless go-go routine by one of the waitresses.

Changes

Moving back towards the square but diverting a bit to 250 Craig West, we make the unfortunate discovery that the Montreal Star library, once the preliminary hunting ground for term work research, has closed its doors to the public. The word from one disgruntled Star reporter was that it had to be done, since the library was depleting fast with the help of its more lightfingered patrons.

Once in Place d'Armes, you can catch the black steel and glass tower of the Banque Canadienne Nationale tower rising menacingly over the Bank of Montreal tower which suggests politely but firmly that there are going to be changes on St. James Street. The BCN tower also quite definitely suggests to neighboring Notre Dame church that its time is up. But the church tries to keep up with an appropriate, if grotesque, addition to the church building of a Caisse Populaire, shining out at you like a Jean Junction on the right side of the building. For those fearing their lay looks will have priests descending on them and preventing their quiet stroll on a seminary property, there are a wide variety of ecclesiastical vestments on sale a few doors down from the church on the south side of Notre Dame Street, going east.

Snacks

On the street flanking the eastern side of the church is another of the Stash

Flea Market realizations, opened last April specializing in much the same stuff as his other installation of Notre Dame East (see Champ de Mars). The Flea Market items are of a more bric-a-brac nature but it's a good place to relax over coffee and a snack.

In the neighborhood, a couple of blocks west of the square on the north side is the Strand Tavern, one of the best spots to pick up on pea soup and their low-priced steaks can be good, but occasionally erratic.

Of Historic Note

Once you've come this far, you can see one of the forerunners of Place Ville Marie underground living with the solid if tiny underground of the Scrooge McDuck Royal Bank Building, first headquarters of the bank that brought you Mary. And once inside the main banking hall you soon realize why capitalism

is a hard nut to crack, with the vaulted regal setting that looks like it might have served an earlier Mary.

Back on Craig Steet, with its fast disappearing row of pawn and camera outlets, is Pascals at the Bleury Street corner. Let it be said here that it isn't the policy of this paper to plug the Pascals people who seem to descend on patrons as if they are thieves in their boutiques; but it is a pleasant experience these days to go into a hardware store to buy a half dozen nails, or screws or whatever without being forced into buying the *Carpenter's Package* or the *Carpentry Adventure for Dad Set*, which you can do in the Bleury outlet. At least for the time being it remains a fairly exhaustive hardware store where boutique-consciousness hasn't yet set in.

And with nails in hand, you can head back to the Metro and stop for a beer at the Brasserie on Place d'Armes Street and Craig with that reassurance that you got only what you wanted.

Place Victoria

The shopping concourse itself we can say with emphasis has absolutely nothing to recommend itself, save for the candy chandelier, but that is now beginning to take on the appearance of aged plastic - cracked, chipped and bent with one foot in the garbage can.

Inside

The shops that remain in business make one wish they weren't. Take one of the Comptoir coffee shops (well, it's one or the other, since there are in fact only two): You can have a grilled cheese sandwich (if you really must at 50¢) but you cannot have toast. A hamburger that would have boosted the morale of those having to undergo SGWU cafeteria fare, went for 65¢. Decor is New York Interstate Empire and service fair.

W.H. Smith bookshops will always be W.H. Smith in character, grey, but trying to suggest that they have that degree of quality and service that are part of the British W.H. Smiths in London. Montreal ain't London and the Place Victoria shop can only make Louis Melzac of the Classic chain wax enthusiastic. One development in this shop reflects the terror of our time, with its introduction of a "war" section and the avid reader can pick up on the atrocities of Viet Nam, Korea, Bangladesh, Cambodia, WW II, China and just about everything else in one fell swoop. They do seem to have a reasonably good magazine section and a recent stock of English papers.

The Place Victoria Dominion store always seems to have more employees around than customers and this seems largely the result of the imprudent slogan they have: "It's mainly because of the meat" (a line that gave rise to some scurrilous and pedestrian humour among high school males about ten years ago). It's mainly because of the meat that you avoid the place, with tired chicken legs going at 79¢ a pound and skimpy soup bones going for 25¢ a package (twice the amount at Steinbergs goes for 10¢) and generally lousy looking beef.

Girls at the Gynecologist was the movie fare when we visited the Place Victoria cinema so my partner and I decided to leave Place Victoria immediately.



Surplus

If you can get over the visual terror that is Victoria Square (dominated at the moment by an assemblage of inverted white cones, presumably some planner's vision of tomorrow's Christmas tree), there is lots of interest. The Universal Ship Supply store (445 McGill St., just south of the square) is many things, but most striking perhaps is that one corner of it amounts to a small maritime museum, with a large collection of ship's lanterns, compasses, one of which can be yours for \$1000, and an odd assortment of bells as well as other marine odds and ends. If you don't like life in the senior service and lean towards land combat, there is a gas test device that can tell you in no uncertain terms whether or not the enemy is using mustard gas on you (four vials and a wooden case for under \$2). Other items of interest: a sturdy ham-mock for \$6, a car beacon that can let you pretend you're a cop for \$2 and low priced surplus clothes of all descriptions as well jeans and work shirts. Friendly, if eager sales people. A wide selection of sporting goods.

Several doors down from Universal Ship Supply is a tavern which if true to its past reputation should still be good (it was closed when we were in the area but its menu pasted on the window boasted Spanish Omelettes for 75¢ and an 8 oz. rib for \$1.24. Between the tavern and the surplus store is a frite palace offering the usual assortment of steamed hot dogs and hamburgers with truly superb frites, well-drained and free of grease.

Notre Dame St.

Back up McGill on your way back to the Metro walk west down Notre Dame about a block to the Woolworthy facade of one Encore Mart, number 639. Though you may not be in the market for cheapy floral-printed dinner sets or useless bric-a-brac adorning the outer display cases, within it's almost a certainty you'll find something you can't live without — and at an indisputably bargain price. Like a good variety store, this place sells practically everything — toasters, garbage bags, clothing, hardware, kitchen gear. One good bet we spotted last weekend was a collection of French unisex trousers, half linen, half cotton — running the gamut from tasteful stripes to outlandish renderings of flames engulfing the cuffs — for under two dollars.

It's easy to miss the fabric section at the very end of the store, up a few steps. The selection of fabrics is small but interesting and cheap. Best of all are the stacks of zippers, presumably used but good quality: all sizes, types and colors, for 19 - 25¢, a considerable saving over new ones; plus boxes full of thread — small spools go for 5¢, large for 10¢. And for the serious seamstress there are the huge tree-shaped spools with several miles of thread for around a dollar. But the best buy of all must be 250 bars of soap for \$7 — or if you didn't come with your panel truck, eight cents a bar.

Old York

Feeling more and more in the mood for a mid afternoon repose, we ventured into the old York Hotel which, we're assured by those more knowledgeable in these matters, has rooms. Other things it certainly does have: club 750 (for 750 Notre Dame St.) offers visitors beer at 55¢ till 8 p.m. when it's upped to 75¢; your Molson however also includes girly flicks (Swedish nature or garter belt and stocking — the theme never varies beyond this) occasionally interrupted by a topless Go-go act by one of the waitresses and the occasional mal-

function of the projector which has patrons riveting their disgruntled attentions at the projector lady who doubles as barmaid. All this, one observer commented, executed by all present with the precision of the Royal Marines. Activities begin about 1 p.m., just several blocks down from that other Notre Dame Street institution — City Hall — where Mr. Drapeau is said to pace to and fro into the early hours worrying about the sagging state of his city's morals.

Books

In the 800-block just down from the hotel are two excellent used book shops, where the principal concern of the proprietors seems to be: if you can't spend an hour or two flipping through the reading matter without being badgered by a sales attendant, then the bookshop can't amount to much. Both shops, the Tally Ho and the Book Nook, were covered in a previous Handbook. There are lots of chairs and things to lean on, with helpful types ready to risk life and limb on a tortuous climb to that top shelf, even if you don't want that book after all. The Book Nook man says he'll consider buying books but he's wary of textbooks, because of the rapid



obsolescence rate they undergo with fast-appearing new additions. There are several appliance and sports and accessories supply stores in the area but the one shop worth mention in our limited space is the Surplus Store at 890 Notre Dame, just before the Bonaventure Autoblight. Good deals on snowshoes (\$12 up) mukluks (\$3), and varying prices on surplus clothes — bushjackets, workshirts, jeans, etc.

The View

The return stroll to the Metro station should be given up to the wide and incredible assortment of imitated architectural styles of the section, much of it reflecting Canada's getting fat over commercial deals made with the Confederacy during the War between the States, and any imaginable combination of these forms blossoming into often ridiculous but entertaining stone-work. Those interested in this sort of thing are advised to get down there to dawdle in the winding and hidden lanes behind McGill Street and along Notre Dame before it becomes that favorite of Montreal's modern cityscapes — a parking lot.

Once back in the horror of the square, you can catch a glimpse of that gift that only France can give, one of two that country can give: the twisted and green stained iron work of a Paris metro entrance given Montreal by Paris during Expo 67. Paris spared Montrealers the only other possible easily portable offering of a labyrinthine pissoir, but then Victoria Square more than adequately makes up for that.

Things

Near the foot of McGill Street on the left at Youville Square, looking south, is the Customs House, where you pick up overseas postal goods. The architecture is sufficiently imposing to make one think twice about picking up those goods which Customs and Excise frowns on, so in one sense at least the imposing steel gates that front on the Youville Square side of the building strike a kind of moral, if not an on-guard-for-thee tone.

The other thing of course is the Stock Exchange (tours 10, 11 a.m., 1:30, 2:30 p.m.), giving outsiders the opportunity of viewing humans in their more animal state, grubbing for food at the trough, as it were.



Place Bonaventure

The Big Show

Terminus! tout le monde descend s'il vous plait. Don't let all the pizzazz fool you: there are two things going on in Place Bonaventure that you have to go to and trying to achieve this alone should keep you there a couple of hours anyway. One is the Quebec Liquor Corporation Store which should be noted for its comparatively extensive operating hours: 9 - 9 weekdays and 9 to 5 Saturdays; the other thing is Information Canada which seems to view its task as doing its best to see that the public has no information on government at all. They have pulled this off with a large section of the public by locating themselves in the labyrinthine and confusing Place Bonaventure. But the game is up: go down to the east end of the building on Lagachetiere Street, down one flight and there it is.

Bail

The station claims that it provides access to thousands of hotel rooms, scores of restaurants and chic boutiques in the surrounding hotel and Place Ville Marie Complexes, all of which we can't afford. This leaves then the railways stations, both providing fairly good stand-up lunch counters, with reasonable prices. Our field reporters rate the actual rail systems fair. For rail information contact CN at 877-6550 and CP at 931-6271. CP-CN Telecommunications 285-6411. Our field reporters rate rail express service poor to disastrous.

Information

Out in the fresh air for a moment and down to the Gazette library which is open to the public weekdays, 3 p.m. to 7 p.m. Out of the Gazette and into a comfortable bar at the Queens, offering patrons a leather-comforted beer at good prices, in a quiet unpretentious room that comes closer to an English pub than anything in the city (and they don't even tell you this).

The main post office for the city is located across the street; the post office is affectionately remembered for its own version of the 1973 calendar which gave February an extra delivery day on the 29th. Their hours at the main facility are 8 a.m. to 11 p.m. weekdays and from 8 to noon Saturdays. Dow Planetarium and the Canadian Brewery complex are a couple of the few points of interest in the area. For information the planetarium shows (French and English) for \$1 (adults) 40¢ (children) phone 872-4530. Group rates are available, but it's closed Mondays.

Freebies

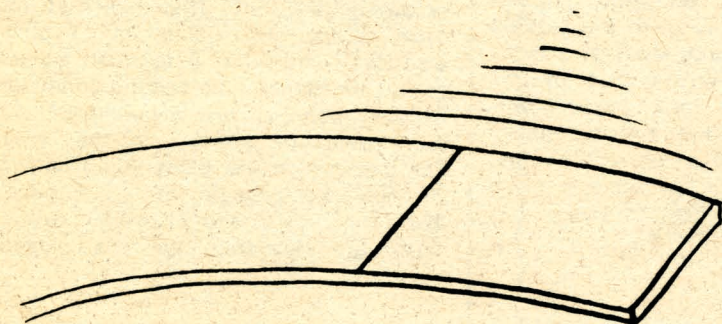
Heading back to the station hungry and poor can set the mind churning away and wrestling with the thought that you can't afford all those things which the hotels and chic restaurants offer. If you can look reasonably presentable (i.e. not get turfed by the Queen E doorman as you try to enter), there is often a world of eating and drinking activities on the convention floors of the major hotels. The Queen E is biggest and most accessible, usually with a directory of what organizations are currently in the convention rooms: Acme Shoe Distributing, Tomorrow's University Association and The North American Alliance for the Defense of Democracy are listed here to show the variety of possibilities that could await you and it's simply a matter of deciding what activity or association you feel best in before going to sample the fare.

Diversions

Mary Queen of the World Cathedral, just across from the Queen E, has an erratic series of organ recitals so it's a good idea to check the papers before setting out if you plan to be in the area. If you have questions of serious ecclesiastical import, it's useful to note that the Archbishop's palace (the word is used loosely in these parts) is situated behind the church.

Sir John A isn't talking as he stares across Dorchester from the south side of Dominion Square but he shows an air of opposition disgust over successor Laurier's attempts at guiding the destiny of the country which seems only to have led to the polluted mire of Dorchester Boulevard. Sir Wilfrid stands still, detached and proud on the north side of the square amid a harvest of wheat.

Enough to send one home for a rest.



Squash

The YMCA has one court, the YMWHA has two. Women, strangely enough, are not allowed to play squash at either Y.

Handball is similar to squash but a special glove, rather than a racket, is used to bat the ball around. Both the YMCA and the YMWHA have two courts available to members. Again, women may not play.

All the Y's have pools which are open to members at various times. For those who want simply to swim but can't afford costly membership dues, the YWCA may be best. With a membership (\$6 for women and \$4 for men), both men and women can swim at specified times for 40¢ (or less if you buy in bulk).

The City of Montreal operates some 20 indoor pools. Those at which men and women may swim together have an admission charge of 50¢ for adults. Children are admitted free on weekdays until 6 p.m. and on Saturday until noon; at other times they must pay 25¢. The majority of the city pools however set aside days for men and boys and days for women and girls, and there is no charge.

Pools with segregated swimming include: St. Denis (7075 St. Hubert, 872-4651), St. Michel (5300 St. Dominique, 872-4892), Schubert (3950 St. Laurent, 872-2587).

Rinks are few and far between in this area of Montreal. In fact we could only locate two spots. There is one hockey and skating rink complex on de Maisonneuve just east of the St. Laurent metro station in the Jeanne Mance housing project and another at the corner of Prince Arthur and Jeanne Mance.

There are two other rink complexes, one on the McGill campus and one at the corner of Greene and Stayner, (below Dorchester), but to use the former

The City of Montreal operates a number of hockey arenas which may be reserved for \$40 per hour. For more information, contact the sports department (872-4692).

The city maintains four ski hills on the island. They are strictly for beginners. However, they do provide a suitable and cheap place for lessons. In fact the city offers 12 hours of instruction at night, over two weeks, for \$15. For more information contact Concordia Ski School (872-4717 at night or 872-4692 during the day).

The other three hills are at the extreme north end of the island and as of this week, two of three, at least, did not have a tow — they were too small to warrant one.

The University of Montreal operates a short but intermediate class slope on Vincent D'Indy St. just up from Mount-Royal Ave. It's a good place to practice and can be amusing for the average skier, for a few hours. Use of the T-bar will cost adults \$2 and students from outside the U of M (with their ID cards) and children \$1, during the week. On the weekends the hill becomes less attractive for the price: \$3 for adults and \$2 for students and children. The lift is open from 10 a.m. - 5 p.m. everyday and from 6 p.m.-10 p.m. Fridays. Bus 50 and 51 east from Queen Mary Road stops near the hill. For those who need more challenge, the Sir George ski club organizes group trips (usually on Saturday) to the Laurentians, Eastern Townships and sometimes the U.S. The cost will depend on the particular hill visited but it is generally around \$5 for transportation and tow. For more information contact the athletics office (2160 Bishop, 879-5840).

The Peel Cycle Centre (1398 Sherbrooke at Bishop, 843-7050) rents all the equipment necessary for cross-country skiing for \$3 per day (24 hour period) during the week and \$5 per day on the weekend, with a \$10 deposit.

The Sir George athletics department offers a variety of free intramural and purely recreational activities to students, faculty and staff. For women there is ice hockey and physical fitness classes, and for men there is ice hockey, basketball, floor hockey and golf. Co-ed activities include badminton, volleyball, table tennis, table hockey, ski conditioning, karate, modern dance, curling and rifle shooting. (Registration for bowling and fencing are closed for this academic year.) Arrangements have been made with the YMCA for recreational and instructional swimming.

For more information, contact the athletics department at 2160 Bishop St., 879-5840.

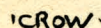
Membership fees at the YMCA (1441 Drummond below de Maisonneuve, 849-5331): \$70 per year for men 21 and over, \$55 for those between 18 and 20 and \$25 for those between 15 and 17. Sir George students can make arrangements with the university athletics department to pay \$20 for membership for the year.

Adults may pay the fee in three installments: \$25, \$25, and \$20. The monthly fee for adults is \$15, for 18-20-year-olds \$10, and for 15-17 \$4. One Y official said that while they don't announce it, people may pay their total annual fee through the monthly installments.

Annual membership in the YWCA (1355
Dorchester W. at Crescent. 866-9941)
is \$6 for women and \$4 for men. but each
activity is paid for separately.

Yearly membership at the YMWH (5500 Westbury, take the 129 bus along Cote Ste. Catherine to Westbury, 737-6551) is \$30 for full-time students and \$50 for people over 20. The fees may be paid in three equal installments over three consecutive months, starting with the first month.

Activities at the three Y's include competitive and recreational basketball, badminton and volleyball, physical fitness and jogging classes, yoga, dancing, and various kinds of self defense. The price for these activities are different for each Y.



HANDBOOK SUPPLEMENT

Your Guide to Kitchen Warfare

The rational approach to cooking may well be from the point that views a kitchen as a vale of tears, booby-trapped at every turning with instruments and agencies that war against the cook. Think of the number of people you know personally who have themselves been baked, fried, chopped, minced, filleted, larded or souffléed; or check the emergency department of the local hospital, and you will soon get a picture of kitchens and cooking that may well encourage you to take up coal mining or steeplejacking as a relatively safe way of earning enough to pay someone else to cook for you. However, if you refuse to be dissuaded by the horrid facts, at least concede some recognition to their existence — in effect, know your enemy.

Keeping out of hot water

To begin with, cooking consists in raising edibles to a dangerous temperature. We are capable of putting things in our mouth hot enough to lift the skin off our arms. This quaint and curious adaptation makes us over-confident, and careless handling of something as cozy and amiable as a tea pot sends us squealing with rage, surprise and pain to the first aid kit. Remember, if it's hot enough to cook, it's hot enough to burn.

Make a start on surviving by being careful with boiling water. There seems to be a general impression that women are dumber about this than men, but we hear more about women being scalded mainly because of their being pushed into the less interesting areas of cooking. Men prefer to barbecue themselves. Male or female is equally prone to leave handles sticking out over the edge of the stove or hot plate, so that a sudden lunge for the smoking meat sauce results in a waist-to-ankles douche of spaghetti and boiling water. Keep the handles of pots turned out of the traffic; never boil anything in a pot with a flimsy or broken handle; use pot holders so that you can lift or carry hot things securely.

No Room for Fashion

In order to get things to cook, we have to use some source of heat. (Supersonic vibration of molecules is beyond my financial and experiential range, but I hear you can cook your hand to a crisp in a matter of seconds.) These sources in themselves can be impressively dangerous. The open flame of gas, wood or coal has at least the advantage of being visible, except in very bright sunlight, so that ordinarily we know to stay safely out of it, but some electrical elements can look very bland and harmless when in fact they are hellishly hot. Most home mini-cremations aren't caused by direct immolation in the flame, though. It's far more common to have clothing catch fire, and this sort of accident is only avoided by wearing something that not only doesn't dangle into the fire, but that is made of some fire-resistant material — wool, for instance. There's not much scope for glamour around a hot stove, so resist the temptation to

prepare dinner in the filmy negligée or the swirling kaftan. Save them for a time when other appetites need whetting. And on the same theme, if you are planning anything flamed in a chafing dish, broiled on an hibachi, or messed about in a fondue pot, watch out for your hair and your *jewelry*, as well as your clothes. Brandy can produce a splendid explosion, and when your peace medallion has been swinging for a minute or so over the charcoal, it can brand your belly — button, baby.

The whole subject of what to wear in the kitchen is fraught with interest. Until I got a few spatters of hot fat — about twenty, none bigger than a dime, but about 400 degrees — I inclined toward the naked and unashamed approach, particularly in the summer. I still think, now that I know I must never, never get even the tiniest bit of water into hot fat, that minimal clothing is best. There we verge on controversy; a neighbour of mine accuses me of immorality, if not perversity, and adds as a clincher that when he once tried to fry an egg without a shirt on, the gas ring blew up and burned all the hair off his chest. While I am quite willing to believe that God spoke to Moses out of the Burning Bush, I think that it would take a graver subject than what to wear when frying eggs, to make Him speak out of a gas ring. However, there are infinite theophanies, and what has been revealed to me persuades me that something plain, sturdy and easily cleaned — skin, or the professional cook's near-canvas apron that goes right around you — is best. If you're a real fool, even chain mail under an asbestos jumper isn't going to save you.

When to Give Up

Most accidents, automobile, industrial, domestic, are the result of stupidity, inattention, haste, or ignorance. Stupidity can't be cured, and there's no defence against it, so there's no point in getting into a lather about it. Inattention or carelessness or preoccupation or whatever you want to call not paying attention to what we're doing is another thing entirely. The smartest and best-intentioned people have times when they aren't able to pay attention to all the things required of them, and there are days when no kitchen activities should be attempted. Starve, or eat out or cadge a meal, but don't try any real cooking. You'll get the feel of that sort of day early, so quit after the toast has burned and the milk spilled. And walk, don't drive, to the nearest lunch counter.

Easy Does It

The hurried cook is in danger, too. Too much to do, too little time, too many people, and there's the beginning of the headlong rush into disaster. The ruin of your groceries, your disposition and your physique may well attend upon circumstances of mere haste. The best cooking is leisurely, with time for deliberation or even meditation. Don't be conned by the show-offs who pretend to be able to pull together a five-star meal at a moment's notice. A decent meal, or the potentiality for it, is always the result of some planning, some forethought, some calculation, so save yourself some mental and physical anguish by either planning ahead, or avoiding emergency rush jobs. Any M.D. with a general practice will tell you that the housewife's prologue to her account of how she cut her hand, burned her arm, broke her wrist and so on is "I was hurrying to..."

What You Don't Know Could Finish You

But ignorance... Oh, there's a field, a subject, an area, as infinite in scope as time or space. I suggest that there are people who don't know that hot water will burn them, that their clothes can catch fire, that their hair can get caught in the

electric mixer, that they can die of turning on the tap while plugging in the toaster with the other hand. But every day people learn, sometimes from their own escapes or from disasters they hear of or see, so that gradually we come to some sort of reasonably safe competence with the menaces of our lives; we build a sort of life-raft of trivia, that keeps us afloat on the sea of ignorance. And we do most of this ourselves.

Manufacturers' Conspiracy

One of the impressive lacks in the field of kitchen information is, I think, deliberate. A great many fairly standard pieces of gear are sold without any real warning of their dangerous possibilities. A pressure cooker, for example, is a convenient thing to have — it cooks quickly, saves fuel, and keeps vitamins from being sloshed out of vegetables with too much water. Most pressure cookers are fairly expensive, so no one buys one casually, and usually there is a slip of paper printed with simple instructions. So we look at our new cooker, read the slip, and put it into use, having nowhere been told that if the steam valve clogs or sticks, we will have at best a jet of super heated stew playing on the kitchen ceiling, at worst an explosion that will drive hand-size pieces of cast aluminium through the kitchen wall. Certainly, we read that the cooker should be used exactly according to instructions, and that it is not recommended for the making of porridge, but were we told all that we needed?

Or look at a kitchen blender, whose makers suggest in an offhand way that I be sure it is turned off before I introduce a finger, a spoon or any implement into the maelstrom it generates, and that I not let it run for more than two minutes at a time. My own native cunning has intimated to me that anything that will liquify raw carrots might be a little harsh on the hands, and some rudimentary knowledge of grindstones encouraged me to think that anything revolving that fast shouldn't probably revolve for long. But Mr. Blendermaker gave no warning to either me or the harried housewife that a bit of bone, or metal, spun for a few seconds in the whirling blades, could turn into a bullet, or that after very few more than two minutes my blender could turn into a kind of centrifugal bomb, if it didn't burn out first.

Has anyone in living memory seen a warning on any gas appliance to the effect that the gas, if it escapes unignited, can suffocate you; or that if it escapes in a sufficient quantity, and you turn on a light switch, it can blow you and most of the house to kingdom come? Or that a gas heater in an unventilated room can exhaust the oxygen so completely as to cause brain damage or death? Or has anyone ever seen a fire box inscribed with any real information on the variety of thrills available there to the curious experimenter? These negligences help sales, unquestionably, but they leave us open to some imposing surprises.

You're on Your Own

No one expects to find every knife annotated "This can cut you", but when we go much beyond simple steel and flame, I think we have a right to be informed, and an obligation to inform ourselves.

Since the days of Mrs. Beeton who warned Victorian slaveys about some household hazards, there doesn't seem to have been any writers who really cared whether you lived or died, so long as you bought their books, so you're on your own — your own good luck and good management.

Howard Greer

Don't Pity Ph. D.'s

There have been recent reports of current large scale unemployment of persons holding Ph.D. degrees, as well as forecasts suggesting future employment difficulties. These speculations are not substantiated by the actual experience of recent doctoral graduates.

In 1969, the Ontario Council on Graduate Studies collected information about the first employment of all those who obtained Ph.D.'s in Ontario in the preceding five years. This information has been obtained each year since for each new Ph.D.

and last year and this year was extended to cover all of Canada.

In most universities the information was collected when the student handed in his thesis to the graduate school. At the time, ninety-six (96) percent of the Ph.D.'s had jobs. Of the remaining four percent some will since have obtained employment, some were not actively seeking employment, and some are no doubt unemployed. This is essentially no change from last year. In 1970-71 there were 1446 Ph.D. graduates in Canada of whom 72 did not have jobs

when the thesis was turned in; for 1971-72 the corresponding figures are 1446 and 53.

The unemployment rate of new Ph.D.'s is, therefore, less than four percent. Of course, this is much higher than the rate for the whole stock of Ph.D.'s in the population, and the four percent figure should not be compared with the six percent general unemployment rate in Canada, but rather with the twelve percent rate of the young people in the work force.

We are in a period of general employment difficulties. It is evident that in that framework, the doctoral employment picture is good. Even if it were not, it would be unwise to reduce new enrolment on the basis of the present business climate,

since those now entering Ph.D. studies will not emerge for five years. Surely we are not to plan five years ahead on the assumption of continued business recession.

It is important to ask what kind of jobs these new Ph.D.'s have taken. In summary, the pattern has shifted only slightly from the boom years of the late sixties. Then, as now, the vast majority are doing worthwhile things appropriate to the investment made in their education by themselves and by the community.

The most noticeable shifts are a decrease in university teaching and in industrial employment. In 1964-69, forty-eight percent had university teaching posts as their first employment; this year the figure

continued next page

Letters/Reps, Media

The following is a copy of a letter addressed to the Principal:

There is no specific mention of part-time faculty representation in the recently published structure of the New University. Faculty representatives are referred to as "professor." Does this mean literally that only faculty members of professorial rank will be included in the Senate and Board of Governors?

If so, all part-time faculty members and the younger members of the full-time faculty will be automatically excluded. Or is the term "professor" here used to mean a university teacher?

Full-time lecturers are permitted to vote for "B" Councillors on Faculty Councils but not, apparently to be elected themselves. The one-third of the university teaching staff who teach part-time, unlike the students and members of "the community at large", would seem to have no voice in university affairs at all.

I would appreciate clarification of these points.

Jean Wright
Composition Department

We need your help to find out who is making audio tape programs.

Over the next few years, we expect a considerable development of volunteer, community radio stations, especially in remote settlements in the North and in Mid-Canada. Many of these are native Indian, Eskimo and Metis communities, but there are others, mining towns for example, that are largely White.

The CBC will be providing programming to these stations from 'outside', of a national and regional nature. But we suspect that there is a lot of good programming sitting around in tape libraries, personal collections, agency offices, college files, etc., and we should like to bring it to the attention of the new community radio stations.

That is why we should appreciate it if you would spend a few minutes and suggest to us people, departments, programs which might be useful for people in small isolated communities, information programs, entertainment programs, well-produced programs, not boring and off-mike self-indulgent tapes.

We should like to put together an inventory of all useful tapes and their sources



and make that list available to the new community radio stations. We might also consider building up a tape library of the most in-demand items for rapid circulations. The tape medium here means both reel-to-reel tapes and tape cassettes.

The inventory would also be sent to all who had contributed items to it, to put

them into contact with others having similar interests.

Linda Bolstad,
pp Douglas Ward,
Office of Community Radio,
Radio Canada
P.O. Box 500, Station "A",
Toronto 116, Ontario.

continued from previous page

was thirty-eight percent. Industrial employment of Ph.D.'s has never been as important a factor as one might hope. In the sixties it accounted for thirteen percent of the graduates; last year this number fell to nine percent. Also stable is the fraction obtaining postdoctoral research fellowships. These postdoctoral research years are a normal part of the career pattern for those preparing for careers in university or government science. One quarter of the new Ph.D.'s are still following this route just as they did in the 60's. An interesting change is that whereas two-thirds of these fellowships were held outside Canada in the 60's, this year two-thirds were in Canada. In part, this tendency reflects the growing reputation of some departments in international science.

The drop in university teaching and in industrial employment is made up most-

ly by increases in the percentages engaged in a variety of occupations shown as "Other", as well as by the increase in "Unemployment". The "Other" category includes employment in business and finance, self-employment, consulting firms, high school teaching, school administration, and, no doubt, a variety of other jobs.

There are interesting figures concerning the geographical location of the new Ph.D.'s and how this varies with immigration status. Data is not available under this heading for all of Canada, but the Ontario figures are thought to be typical. Of the Canadian citizens, 85% are located in Canada, as are 65% of those with landed immigrant status. In contrast, 69% of those on student visas are located outside Canada. Contrary to what some have suggested, this shows a significant difference between those with landed immigrant status and those on student visas. Most landed

immigrants intend to remain here, and the data show a high retention rate in Canada of potentially valuable citizens.

It is also apparent that the training in Canada of those on student visas is a contribution to our international role, for of the 69% who left Canada on graduation, 70% returned to their home countries. An equal number remained in Canada, and very few went elsewhere. Thus, one of two things is happening to those here as foreign students. Either Canada is retaining the services of the people trained here or they are returned to their homeland. If they are from a developing country this represents an important contribution to world progress. If they are from an industrially developed area, they represent a part of the Canadian role in international scholarship. The total number of those on student visas was eleven percent of those graduating. This is an adequate but minimal level of involve-

ment for a country like Canada on the international university scene. It may be noted that in 1970-71 the total number of Ph.D. degrees awarded in Canada to persons of all nationalities was about 1400; in the fiscal year 1971, in United States universities alone, 528 Canadians received Ph.D.'s and fifty-five percent of these returned immediately to Canada.

There may be further shifts in doctoral employment areas over the next year or two. There may be a larger number of people working in less traditional fields. We regard this as desirable, but we also consider that there are unlikely to be dramatic permanent shifts in employment. The graduate school enrolments have not grown for two years, indeed, in some fields there are indications that insufficient students are now entering to provide the needs of society five years hence.

A Canadian Association of Graduate Schools release.

Diversions

The other day, as I sat in my office, I got to thinking about all the separatist talk, about its latest manifestations, and the whole history of its growth that has rocked this country back on its constitutional heels.

Now obviously, so important a national problem is of prime interest to students, next to at least three other things I can think of, and therefore I decided to find out at first hand just what the thinking is behind all this separatist talk, so that I could prepare a story-behind-the-story story for our readers.

I called my secretary into my office. "Miss Bubele," I said, "please set up an appointment for me with this new separatist. I want to interview him myself, and find out what his views really are."

There were just the two of us, and I must say that I was received in a very friendly fashion. I was offered a seat, and made myself comfortable. We sat facing each other across his desk.

My first question was, "Are you really serious about this separatist talk?"

"I certainly am," he replied, "this is much too serious a matter at this time. I certainly would not make such proposals in jest."

"Do you seriously believe that such a state could exist, being surrounded as it would be by people of another language and another culture - that could be hostile, or at least not friendly?"

"I cannot see why not. Your own people did it in Israel, did they not?"

"What was the factor that you considered most important in making you come out openly for separation?"

"I became convinced that my people could not possibly, under present conditions, in the existing political climate, develop culturally to our fullest potential. In order to do this, we must have our own country, where our language is supreme, and our culture and traditions can develop fully, considering our heritage and our future."

"What about the economic future?"

"I see no reason why we cannot be a viable and economically self-supporting state. Switzerland has been doing it for years."

"Do you not feel that what you wish to attain is possible by working within your present political party?"

"No, I do not think so. While my party is interested in my people, its policies would, by maintaining the status quo, still keep us a minority within a hostile atmosphere."

"What of minorities?"

"We have always been fair-minded people, and certainly will continue to be. Of course, our language would be the only official one."

"There is some feeling that yours would be a police state. Would you care to make some statement about this?"

"I believe in democracy. However, I must concede that there would be more police

in evidence in our state than is possible under our present arrangement."

"I have one last question. What would be the boundaries of your proposed state?"

"Well, roughly, it would be bounded by and include in the north and east the Town of Mount Royal; in the west Westmount; in the south St. James Street; as well as Dorchester Boulevard and the Mount Stephen Club."

"Thank you, Mayor Dawson."

Michael Resin

Michael Resin is a former editor of *Commerce Perspective*.

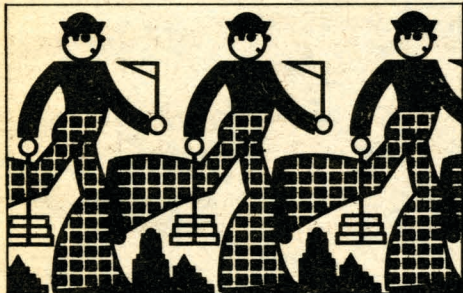


Names

John L. Toole, chairman of the investment division, Canadian National Railways, has been elected president of the Associates of Sir George Williams University, and R.D. Etches, general operating superintendent of Robert Simpson Montreal Ltd., has been elected vice-president. Retiring president E. Glyde Gregory, chairman of the board of Ayerst Laboratories, becomes honorary president.

Appointed to the board of directors, in addition to the above-mentioned officers, are: David M. Bernstein, Laird W. Boivard, Dudley Dawson, Dr. J.F.C. Dixon, Daniel Doheny, Brig. Gen. J. Guy Gauvreau, William Gilmour, J. Peter Kohl, Zotique Lépérance, R.H. Perowne, R.P. Regimbal, H.J. Ronalds, John B. Sparling and Nathan Steinberg.

The Associates is a non-profit corporation separate from but associated with the University. Membership is open to all men and women who wish to join. It is directed by a secretariat responsible to a board of directors and supported by a list of sponsors representative of the Montreal community.



More Names

Associate Professor F. D. Hamblin has accepted an appointment as assistant dean, undergraduate studies, Engineering and Computer Science, retroactive to June 1, 1972, through May 31, 1975.

Associate Professor J. C. Giguère has accepted an appointment as assistant dean, graduate studies, Engineering and Computer Science, retroactive to November 1, 1972, through May 31, 1975.

The positions of secretary for Engineering Undergraduate Studies, and secretary for Engineering Graduate Studies have been replaced by the above appointments.

Names More Names

Seventeen senior Montreal business executives have been named consultants to the Faculty of Commerce & Administration at Sir George Williams University.

Dean Andrew Berczi announced that the new Consultative Committee was formed to establish a continuing dialogue between the Faculty and the business world. "It will provide an assessment of the relevance of our programs to the needs of the business community, while making our objectives and accomplishments better known through this widely representative group," he said.

Chairman of the committee is William T.G. Hackett, special lecturer in finance at Sir George and former vice-president of the Bank of Montreal. The group will be made up of twenty businessmen, eleven professors and three students.

Business executives named are: Phillip P. Aspinall, partner in McDonald Currie & Co.; Rupert B. Carleton, vice-president and general counsel, Cemp Investments Ltd.; Jacques Cartier, vice-president marketing, Petrofina Canada Ltd.; F.E. Case, chairman and chief executive officer, Montreal Trust Co.; Michel Cloutier, vice-president administrative services, Bombardier Ltd.; G.G. Dunnigan, vice-president marketing, Northern Electric Distribution Co. Ltd.; A. Fisher, president, FBI Foods Ltd.; Walter J. McCarthy, senior vice-president finance, Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada; H.S.

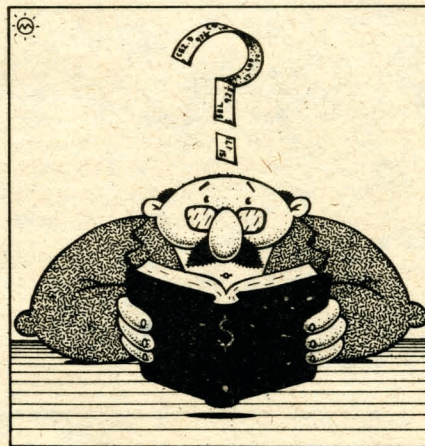
Philip Clarke

The Sunday Times (London), Jan. 14

The latest newsletter of a New York stockbroker reports that "the New York stock market continues to merit a strong buy rating on the premise that there is an abundance of attractive values to justify further major extension of the primary uptrend in the course of the ongoing cyclical upswing."

I wonder why the writer couldn't have said that prices are going up because prices are going up!

McEvoy, vice-president, extruded and building products, Alcan International Ltd.; Fred H. McNeil, executive vice-president and general manager, Bank of Montreal; Ronald H. Perowne, president, Dominion Textile Ltd.; R.P. Regimbal, president, Johnson & Johnson Ltd.; The Hon. Maurice Sauvé, vice-president administration, Consolidated-Bathurst Ltd.; David E. Sloan, treasurer, Canadian Pacific Ltd.; H. Arnold Steinberg, executive vice-president administration and finance, Steinberg's Ltd.; Nicholas Tackacsy, vice-president and director, Greenshields Inc.; and Orland Tropea, vice-president regulatory matters, Bell Canada.



Awards

As part of its continuing research program, the Canadian Advertising Advisory Board announces two Doctoral Fellowship awards of \$4,000 each for 1973-74. The fellowships, now being offered for the fourth year, are for research "intended to increase knowledge of the advertising process by examining its economic and social impact." Any Canadian citizen, or anyone residing in Canada, who is working towards a doctoral degree, may apply. The fellowships are tenable for one year and may be considered for renewal on evidence of satisfactory progress.

The aim of the doctoral program is to provide insights of interest to the government, business and consumer sectors. Previous studies have examined the effectiveness of paid messages in the mass

media, "price-off advertising", cultural and linguistic transfer problems. Another study, still in process, analyses the effectiveness of standard product information on durable purchases.

Selection is made by a committee of academics under the chairmanship of Professor Richard E. Vosburgh, University of Guelph. Other committee members are Yvan Allaire, University of Ottawa; Professor Alice E. Courtney, York University; Professor J.N. Fry, University of Western Ontario; Professor S.A. Greyser, Harvard University and Professor D.D. Monieson, Queen's University.

For applications, contact University Research officer Audrey Williams at 879-5852.

Jobs

ELECTRONICS TECHNICIAN - INSTRUCTIONAL TECHNOLOGY

Duties:

To perform maintenance and repairs on television receivers and monitors. To perform general electronic maintenance as directed.

Qualifications:

At least 3 years experience in field and bench repair of commercial T.V. receivers. Ability to use test equipment.

Interested candidates are invited to submit applications in writing, or by contacting the Personnel Officers as indicated below.

RECEPTIONIST INFORMATION DESK PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE

Duties:

Receptionist to work at University information desk, to handle telephone and personal contacts, and some clerical work.

Qualifications:

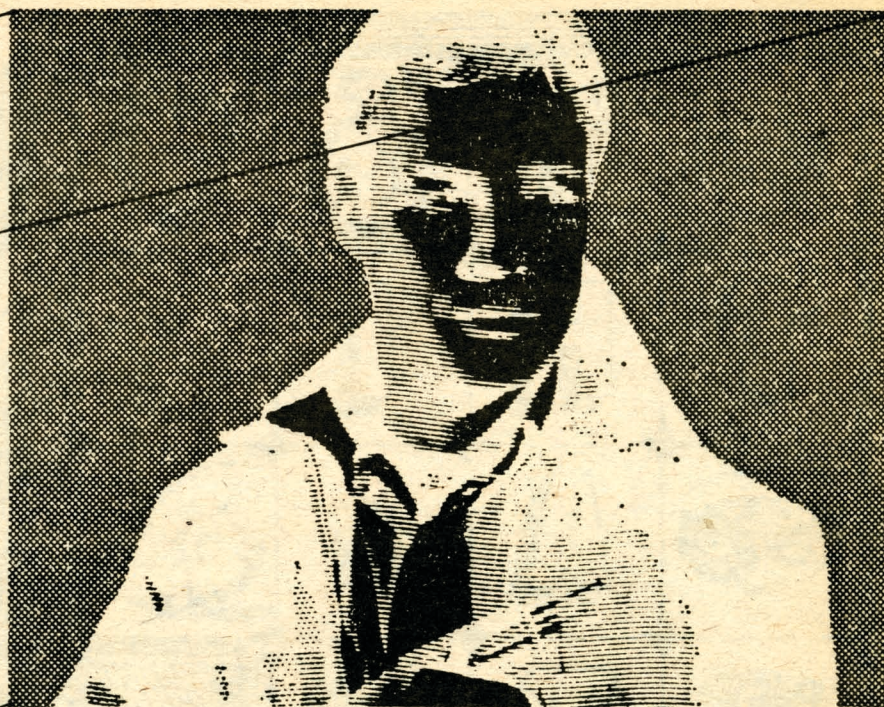
Ability to deal with public, to learn and retain information, good spoken French.

Interested candidates are invited to submit applications in writing, or by contacting the Personnel Officers as indicated below.

Nelson T. Gibeau
Local: 4521

Susan Silverman
Local: 8116





BRANDO SIZZLES WHILE ROD BURNS — PLAY IT AGAIN! Dramatic fireworks and sledgehammer performances by Marlon Brando, Rod Steiger, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint and Karl Malden mark "On the Waterfront" — a gutsy Academy Award winning sizzler coming soon, twice, free!

SGWU THIS WEEK

Photos and notices of coming events should be in by Wednesday noon for Thursday publication (basement, 2145 Mackay) or call Maryse Perraud, 879-2823.

thursday 18

CANADIAN STUDIES: NFB series "Struggle for a Border" with "A Second Transcontinental Nation (1872)" at 5 p.m. in H-435.

CONSERVATORY OF CINEMATOGRAPHIC ART: "Kaiser, Buerger and Genossen (1871-1918)" (Franz Baake and Jost von Morr, 1971) (in German) at 8 p.m. in H-110; 50¢ students, 75¢ non-students.

DAY STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION: Witch Sybil Leek at 1 p.m. in H-110; *free with ID*.

WEISSMAN GALLERY & GALLERY I: "Progress in Conservation" exhibition, until January 31.

KARMA COFFEE HOUSE: Dennis Brown at 1476 Crescent St., 9 p.m.

ALUMNI ART GALLERY: Photographs by Graham Fowler, until January 31.

SCIENCE WEEK: Free student-prof lunch in faculty dining room; displays on mezzanine.

friday 19

KARMA COFFEE HOUSE: See Thursday.

CONSERVATORY OF CINEMATOGRAPHIC ART: "Koenigsberg-Kaliningrad-Danzig-Gdansk" (in German) at 8 p.m. in H-110; 50¢ students, 75¢ non-students.

ENGINEERING FACULTY COUNCIL: Meeting at 2:30 p.m. in H-769.

POETRY READING: Tom Marshall reads in the main gallery at 9 p.m.; *free*.

SCIENCE WEEK: Evening beer bash in cafeteria with sounds from Bacchus and 3 for \$1 beer.

saturday 20

KARMA COFFEE HOUSE: See Thursday.

CONSERVATORY OF CINEMATOGRAPHIC ART: "The Battle of Berlin" (Franz Baake and Jost von Morr, 1970) (in English) at 8 p.m. in H-110; 50¢ students, 75¢ non-students.

STUDENTS FOR A DEMOCRATIC SOCIETY: Meeting at 3 p.m. in H-635.

sunday 21

CONSERVATORY OF CINEMATOGRAPHIC ART: "Bilder aus einem Fremden Land" (1972, in German) at 8 p.m. in H-110; 50¢ students, 75¢ non-students.

monday 22

UNIVERSITY COUNCIL ON STUDENT LIFE: Meeting at 5 p.m. in H-769.

tuesday 23

GEORGIAN FILM SOCIETY: "On the Waterfront" (Elia Kazan, 1954) with Marlon Brando, Rod Steiger, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint and Karl Malden at 2 p.m. in H-110 and at 8 p.m. in Karma Coffee House, 1476 Crescent St.; *free*.

GEORGIAN CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP: Bible study at 4 p.m., 2050 Mackay St.

YOUNG SOCIALIST CLUB: Meeting at 1:15 p.m. in H-635.

thursday 25

CONSERVATORY OF CINEMATOGRAPHIC ART: "The General Line" (Eisenstein, 1929) (silent with Engl. titles) with Marta Lapkina and Vasya Buzenkov at 7 p.m.; "Variety" (E.A. Dupont, 1925) (silent with Engl. titles) with Emil Jannings, Lya de Putti and Warwick Ward at 9 p.m. in H-110; 50¢ students, 75¢ non-students.

STUDENTS FOR INTERNATIONAL MEDITATION SOCIETY: Meeting at 1:15 p.m. in H-621.

HUMANITIES OF SCIENCE: Breathing Together: Revolution of the Electric Family by Morley Markson at 1:30 p.m. in H-937; *free*.

friday 26

GEORGIAN FILM SOCIETY: "Battle of Algiers" (Engl. sub.) at 7 and 9 p.m. in H-110; \$1.

GEORGIAN CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP: Meeting at 1 p.m. in H-110.

UNIVERSITY COUNCIL: Meeting at 2 p.m. in H-769.

saturday 27

GEORGIAN FILM SOCIETY: "Naked Night" (Bergman) (Engl. sub.) at 2 p.m. in H-110; \$1.

CONSERVATORY OF CINEMATOGRAPHIC ART: "What Price Glory" (Raoul Walsh, 1926) (silent with Engl. titles) at 7 p.m.; "Rome, Open City" (Rossellini, 1945) (Engl. sub.) with Anna Magnani and Aldo Fabrizi at 9 p.m. in H-110; 50¢ students, 75¢ non-students.

sunday 28

GEORGIAN FILM SOCIETY: "Red Beard" (Kurosawa) (Engl. sub.) at 7 and 9:30 p.m. in H-110; \$1.

ISSUES & EVENTS

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Joel McCormick, editor, Ginny Jones, Maryse Perraud, Michael Sheldon, Malcolm Stone, Don Worrall.